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RICHMOND'S NOVELS



THE ISLAND KING.

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RICHMOND'S NOVELS, No. 125,

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THE CONVICT'S CHILD

A TALE OF THE SEA AND SHORE.

By PHINEAS HARDTACK.

CONTENTS.

Adoption. The Convict's Return. A Son's Curse. A Fair Tyrant. Master and Man. The Abduction. A Murder Prevented. A Son's Revenge. The Wanderers Reunited. Meeting of the Cousins. Pistol Practice. New Hopes. The Confession and Assault. The Lost One Found. Disclosures. A Hero in Danger. The Stolen Letter. A Friend in Need. Retributive Justice. All's Well That Ends Well.

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The Island King;

— OR, —

THE PERILS OF THE SEA

BY CLIFF WARREN,

Author of "Captain Ben's Secret," "Shasta Jim," Etc.

RICHMOND AND COMPANY, PUBLISHERS.

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THE ISLAND KING.

CHAPPER I.

OUR HERO SHIPS AS A SAILOR.

"I tell you, mother, it's the best thing I can do, and you'll say so yourself after you've had time to think of it. Captain Ramsdell wouldn't make the same offer to many boys. 'Tain't so easy getting a berth on board a good ship now-a-days as 'twas a few years ago, I can tell you."

"But, my boy, how can I ever let you go? and for so long a time, too."

"Yes, mother, I know eighteen months or two years is a long time; but think how much I shall be earning for you in that time, and how much of the world I shall see, and of all the knowledge I shall be acquiring."

"Yes, dear, that may all be true; but still I should miss you so much. Don't you think you could do just as well at home?"

"Impossible, mother. Fred and Tom can do all the work on the farm, so father don't need me; and there isn't room for us all here—the little ones must have a chance."

"Neighbor Ramsdell is a good Christian man, isn't he, Daniel?"

"Yes, mother, he is so, and he will do as well by me as though I were his own son."

"I see, my child, your heart is set on this project, and I would not have you leave your home without a mother's blessing; so, if you feel that you must go, you shall have mine—fully and freely."

"Thank you, dear mother, and I beg that you will believe I go as much, indeed more, for your sake and the children's, than for my own."

"I believe you, Daniel. Alas! it is hard to be poor."

The parties to the foregoing conversation were young Daniel Graham, a lad of some sixteen years, the son of a struggling Massachusetts farmer, who labored under the united disadvantages of a small and poor farm and a very large family, and his mother, a lovely Christian woman, with whom Daniel, who was the second of her children, was, on account of his excellent disposition and independent spirit, a great favorite.

Mr. Graham's farm was in the town of Quincy, and was therefore only a few miles from Boston, where he disposed of most of his produce.

The family of Captain Ramsdell also lived in the same town, and in fact were near neighbors of the Grahams.

Dan Graham had often been to the great metropolis of New England, and always on these occasions had taken a vast interest in the shipping in the harbor.

One day, while he was walking down State street, he felt a hand resting on his shoulder, and heard a hearty voice behind him, saying—

"Well, my boy, hain't you lost your reckoning? Seems to me your're sailing quite out of your ordinary latitude."

Dan looked round.

"Why, Captain Ramsdell," he said, "is that you?"

"Well, youngster, I believe I'm the same old sea dog I always was; and now what are you doing here?"

"I came to town with father," responded Dan, "and he said that while he was trading I might go down to the wharves and see the shipping."

"Is that a favorite pastime of yours when you come to Boston, Master Dan?" asked the captain with a smile.

"Indeed it is, sir," responded Dan, enthusiastically. "If I could have my way the sea would be my home, you may be sure. It seems to me it must be a noble life."

"Ah! that's your mind, is it?" exclaimed the captain, in a pleased tone; "then just come with me and take a look at the "Bay State," she's as gallant a ship as ever plowed the sea, and I know you'll like her."

"O! I'd like that of all things; but, captain, ain't I taking you out of your way?"

"Not a bit of it, I was going aboard anyhow; you see I have to punch up the lazy lubbers that are getting in her cargo, for we expect to sail on Saturday, and there is but four days between this and then."

They soon reached the wharf where the "Bay State" lay, and Dan exclaimed with delight as he gazed upon her beautiful proportions, and, in very truth, she was a noble ship.

They were quickly on board, and then, with hearty good will, the captain showed his young friend about the deck and through the interior of the vessel, which, as may be easily understood, was the pride of his heart.

As they approached the forecastle Dan noticed a boy of about his own age, who, judging from his appearance, was already quite an ancient mariner.

He had on the conventional blue flannel shirt, with broad collar, anchors and all; a silk neck-handkerchief, tied in a sailor's knot; navy blue pants, tight about the body and at the knees, and very wide at the bottoms. Withal, he had the true sailor's roll in his gait, and a quid of tobacco in his mouth, which every few moments he shifted from the starboard to the larboard cheek, and then back again.

Captain Ramsdell smiled as he saw that Dan was noticing this young disciple of Neptune, and turning to him, said:

"Dan, that lad's quite an original character. It won't do you any harm to know him." Then raising his voice, he called:

"Bob!"

"Ay, ay, sir," came back the sailor's ready rejoinder, and the next instant the boy was facing them, with his right hand raised respectfully to his forehead.

"Bob," said the captain, "here's a young friend of mine, he belongs over in my town, and I want you to do the honors o the ship and make him feel perfectly at home while I'm engaged in the cabin." Then turning to Dan, he continued, as he moved toward the companionway:

"I'll be with you again, soon. Don't leave the ship until I come up."

It didn't take the boys long to get acquainted, and Bob was soon romancing in all the joys and pleasures of a sailor's life. He told of all the lazy times they had at sea, remembered all their comforts and pleasant excitements and conveniently forgot the hardships and dangers.

By the time Captain Ramsdell reappeared on deck Dan was over head and heels in love with the "Bay State" and everything belonging to her.

"Well, Dan," asked the captain, "has Bob taken good care of you?"

"Excellent," was the reply.

"Well, youngster, how would you like to go with us on Saturday? Let's see, first we go to the South Atlantic, and stop at Rio Janeiro; then we make for Australia, and shall most likely visit New Zealand. Then we shall go to Japan and China, and return home by the way of Singapore and the Indies. You'd be a year and a half or two years older by the time you got back, my boy."

"Oh, Captain Ramsdell! may I go with you? *May* I?"

"Why, yes, of course you may, if you want to. I could make a good boy like you very useful in my cabin. But won't your father object?"

"Oh, no, father'll be all right; but the trouble will be to get mother to say yes."

"Well, that part you must manage yourself. I never was worth a cent coaxing a woman. How I ever contrived to screw my courage up enough to ask Nancy to be my wife is more'n I know. I'm inclined to think I never should have done it if she hadn't helped me a bit; but she sticks to it that I popped the question bold as brass, while she was hanging off all the while, and I suppose she ought to know.

"But come, youngster, heave ahead, and we'll try to hunt up your old man. I reckon I'll go down to Quincy with you to-night, and if we can get the whole matter settled by to-morrow morning, why, I'll see to getting your traps ready myself, so there'll be no occasion for you to come aboard until early on Saturday."

"Oh, thank you, sir, you are very kind."

"Not at all. If you are going to get a good ship and a good captain, why, I believe I'm going to get a good boy. So we are quits—don't you see?"

Dan laughed, and said he was very glad the captain thought he was a good boy, and he only hoped he should prove such.

He and the captain now made their way up the wharf, and soon after reached the place where Dan's father was waiting for him.

Mr. Graham at once saw the advantages that would accrue both to himself and his son, by acceding to Captain Ramsdell's proposition, and so he gave a ready assent. But he, as Dan had done before him, assured the captain that the chief trouble would be in persuading the boy's mother to part with her favorite son.

That night the boy—full of his subjeet—laid the matter before his mother, and with what result we have already seen.

Early the next morning he went over to Captain Ramsdell's house and informed him that his mother had given her consent, and that the matter was settled.

The captain, highly pleased, grasped him by the hand and shook it warmly, at the same time congratulating him upon his success.

Dan then asked at what hour he must be on board on Saturday.

The captain told him to report for duty at nine o'clock, and then very kindly said that he need not lay out a single dollar, for that he himself would procure everything that was necessary, and have it ready for him when he came on board.

He then, after shaking hands with him again, just for luck, as he said, returned to the city.

CHAPTER II.

RIO DE JANEIRO—LOCKED UP IN THE CALABOOSE.

We shall not dwell upon the parting between Dan and his mother, or with the other members of his family at home. When the time to say good-bye came our hero found it a much more difficult task than he had anticipated.

But the parting scenes were over, and, accompanied by his father and two of his brothers—Fred and Tom—Dan rode into Boston in the family wagon, and went directly to the wharf where the "Bay State" had laid.

She was not there.

Dan could hardly believe his eyes. He rubbed them and looked again. He had not been deceived, the place where the noble ship had been moored was a blank.

He looked about him completely bewildered. All at once he spied a sailor at some little distance whom he thought he recognized, and accompanied by his father and brothers made his way to him.

The sailor knew him at once, and informed him that the "Bay State" had dropped down the bay, and that there was a boat there by waiting for him and two passengers, a gentleman and his son—a boy of nearly sixteen, who were going to Melbourne.

While they were talking the two passengers made their appearance, and so Dan bade his father and brothers a hasty farewell and sprang into the waiting boat.

Soon they were off, and a little later were on the deck of the Bay State. Presently the last sails were set and the ship began to gather headway, and then it was not long before the great city, with the gilded dome of the capitol, began to fade in the distance.

Strange to say Dan escaped the toll that Neptune usually exacts from his votaries. In other words, he was not in the least seasick, and he enjoyed everything connected with his new life

marvellously. He soon had all his duties at his fingers' ends, and was both quick and ready.

All this made him very popular, not only with the officers but the crew, and hence whenever he desired the least information there were always those who stood ready at hand to furnish it.

Under Captain Randall's tuition he began the study of navigation, and his heart being in the work he made rapid progress.

Although his quarters were in the cabin he fraternized with the men for'ard, and assisted them as much as possible in their duties, and thus by the time the ship had reached the tropics, he was as good a sailor as many an older hand.

After a prosperous passage they made Rio de Janerio, and were detained in port for more than two weeks.

Here Dan and Bob frequently received permission to go on shore, and they had many a wild lark together, of which they did not deem it necessary to inform their kind hearted friend the captain.

One day they started off at about noon, and Captain Ramsdell, although he did not command, yet advised them to be on board as early as six o'clock. The boys, in wandering about town and viewing the strange sights, wholly forgot how time was slipping away, and it was quite night before they recollected the captain's advice.

"By George!" exclaimed Dan, suddenly, "it's after seven o'clock. We'd better be making tracks for the ship."

"O, pshaw, there's no hurry," said Bob; "we've got all night before us."

"But won't the captain be mad?"

"Lord! no—that is, not unless we get into some scrape."

Just at this moment one of the municipal guards came up. He was black as the ace of spades, and dressed out with more colors and gewgaws than an ordinary major general, or, better still, the drum major of a regiment. He had as dignified a strut as a fifth rate German prince, and looked and acted as though he hadn't the least doubt that he owned the whole Brazilian empire, and was now debating the question in his own mind as to whether or no he should still permit his majesty Dom Pedro to remain at the head of the government, or take hold himself at once.

Bob saw a chance for mischief. The temptation was too strong, and like a true son of Eve, he fell.

There was an open cellar-way near where the two boys had come to a stop, used for storage purposes. As the guard came along, with stately and dignified tread, Bob, as if by accident, crowded him towards it, and when it was too late for the officer to recover himself, the young imp thrust his foot before him, and then, giving him a shove, sent the negro, heels over head, down into an immense vat of liquor, nine feet below.

Both boys were now terribly frightened at what had been done, and instantly took to their heels as though the evil one was behind them.

Suddenly they were brought up all standing by a presented bayonet in the hands of another guard, and heard the usual demand made by the municipal police after nightfall:

"Who goes there?"

But as the question was put in Spanish, and poor Spanish at that, Bob, who did not understand a word of it, didn't feel called upon to make a very satisfactory reply, and so, with a careless, "Oh, you be blown," he endeavored to shove by the obstacle in his path.

But it was of no use, the guard was a strong and determined fellow; moreover, he had taken it into his head that the boys were desperate characters, who should be secured at all hazards, so he did not mean they should escape him, and after a short scuffle they were both marched off to the calaboose.

CHAPTER III.

BURNING THEIR WAY TO FREEDOM—A HOT CHASE.

For more than an hour Dan and Bob were plunged into the very depths of despair. They tortured themselves with the thought that the "Bay State" might sail without them, and that the half drowned guardian of the night would come and take ample vengeance for his wrong.

But at last they grew more calm, and as they found themselves still left alone, hope once more began to dawn in their breasts.

The calaboose was an old wooden structure, with a single grated window, about six and a half feet from the floor.

The door was heavily ironed and locked with a big padlock on the outside.

Suddenly Bob said:

"I say, old boy, let's get out of this."

"I'm willing enough," responded Dan, eagerly, "but how?"

"How? Why, I don't know how; but let's get out all the same. Look here. What have you got in your pockets?"

"I don t know; most everything; but what's that got to do with it?"

"O, never mind; let's see; just turn 'em inside out."

Dan began to draw forth his hidden wealth.

"Well, here's a knife," he said, "and here's some string, and a pencil, and a horse-chestnut, and some colored glass, and an old file, and here's some matches."

"Why, by jove, old fellow, you're a regular magazine of wealth," exclaimed Bob. "What could we ask more?"

"Why! I don't see what good these things are going to do you," said Dan, in surprise.

"You will see, though, if I'm not very much mistaken," was the reply. "And now what's in that tub?

"Pitch! as I'm a living sinner. Things are looking bright for us, my boy. Now, then, for it," and with a stick well smeared with the pitch, Bob mounted upon an old tub which

they had found and placed beneath the window, and began daubing the wooden framework that held the iron bars in place. Then, when it was well smeared over, he set it on fire.

Dan stood by and watched his companion's proceedings with continually increasing astonishment.

"What are you doing that for?" he asked in a voice of alarm, when Bob applied the match.

"Wait patiently and you will see," was the reply.

Now, as good luck would have it, the window was in the back side of the building, and therefore the fire did not attract any attention from the street.

When the framework had burned for some time, the boys, with the aid of the file, pried it off in pieces, and thus pulled out the bars.

They then put out as much of the fire as possible, and made ready to climb out through the opening.

First they listened to make sure that there was no one in the vicinity, then Bob helped Dan to mount to the window, and when he had dropped on the outside, prepared to follow himself.

Just as he had got up to the window and was preparing to crawl through, he heard some one at the door, inserting a key into the old padlock.

He didn't think it was necessary to wait and give them a formal reception, but hastily passing his body through the opening he dropped to the ground, and seizing Dan by the arm hurried him into a back street, and then informing him that the niggers were after them, sped on like the wind towards the harbor, with Dan tight to his heels.

They had not gone very far before they had the best of evidence that they were "wanted" by their Brazilian friends; for, as they looked back, they saw the flash and heard the report of a musket, and a bullet came humming past uncomfortably near their heads.

The chase now began in dead earnest, and with the boys it was a race for life or death. From time to time they glanced back, and every time they looked round it seemed as though their pursuers had doubled in number.

But at last they reached the harbor, and springing into the first boat they saw handy, began pulling with might and main for the ship.

They had made a little more than half the distance when Bob, suddenly pointing toward the city, said:

"Dan, just look there; I reckon our late quarters would be pretty uncomfortable by this time."

Dan raised his eyes. The calaboose was wrapped in one broad sheet of flame.

In the far distance the boys could hear the sound of angry voices and the regular dip of oars, and thus warned that the officers were still on their track, they redoubled their efforts to reach the ship.

At length they succeeded, and almost wholly exhausted climbed up her side.

Captain Ramsdell happened to be on deck at the time, and received them with a stern demand to know what had detained them.

Bob was inclined to equivocate, but Dan, speaking up boldly, gave the captain a hasty but truthful account of their adventure, taking to himself, however, more than his full share of the blame.

The captain was at a loss for a moment what course to pursue. But at length, raising his head, he said:

"It won't do for you youngsters to be taken for this scrape, and therefore it won't do to let the officers know that you belong to this ship; so that boat mustn't be found round here. The tide is setting in toward the shore now, so just cast her off and let her drift up the harbor. There's so much shipping round, the niggers, amongst it all, won't know where to look for you to-night, and as I've got my sailing orders, we'll be out to sea by daylight and then they may take you—if they can.

"But," he added, after a moment's pause, during which Bob quickly severed the painter that held the boat to the ship, "I see you two can't be trusted on shore together; so remember, the next time we make a port, you are neither of you to have leave of absence from the ship. Lord! you might be setting a whole city on fire, let alone a calaboose. And now get yourself for'ard, Bob, go below, Dan," and the captain seemed very angry, but both boys as they made their way to their respective quarters heard the good natured man chuckling over their adventures and assuring the first mate that, in his opinion, the whole thing was a first rate joke, and that he was glad to see the boys had some spirit.

"But, Mr. Bradley," he said, in conclusion, "we must keep

the whole thing mum, or else our owners will have their confounded old calaboose to pay for, and they'd charge us a pretty round sum for it, too."

As Dan lingered long enough in the shade of the quarter-deck to hear all this, he went on down to his quarters much relieved in his mind, and was soon fast asleep.

When he awoke the next morning they were under full headway, and Rio de Janerio was rapidly disappearing in the dim distance.

The weather, during the long voyage from Rio to Melbourne, was all that the most fastidious captain could have desired.

They first made the port of Wellington, in New Zealand, where they were detained upwards of ten days, and here the captain seemed to have entirely forgotten his commands at Rio, that the boys should not go ashore, for they had full liberty to enjoy themselves to their heart's content.

But profiting by past experience, they were careful not to get into trouble; and so, when the ship headed for Melbourne, they did not feel like criminals fleeing from justice.

At Melbourne the ship was detained for nearly a month, and then sent round to Sidney, from where, in the course of a week, they were ordered to sail for Hongkong, taking the route through the Solomon archipelago.

When they had been at sea some six or seven days, and were in about the 18th degree of latitude, south, they were overtaken by a terrible gale, which drove them, for five days, toward the northeast.

On the night of the sixth day the ship sprang a leak, and the men were ordered to the pumps.

The next morning the storm had somewhat abated, but still there was too much wind and sea to admit of getting the ship to rights.

All day long the men worked hard at the pumps, and as fast as one set became exhausted another came forward and filled their places. But for all their efforts the melancholy fact was but too apparent that the water was rapidly gaining on them, and that, unless something should speedily turn up in their favor, the ship was doomed.

Toward the afternoon of the seventh day the men became completely discouraged and refused to go to the pumps, and indeed they were fairly worn out, and could not be severely blamed for their conduct.

And now, as night again advanced, the wind, which for some twelve hours or more had been moderating, stiffened up, and before midnight it blew a perfect gale.

The captain, from sheer necessity, let the ship drive before the blast.

All this while the water was steadily gaining in the hold, and as the ship settled lower and lower, almost every wave swept her decks and the men were compelled to secure themselves as best they could. Indeed, two were swept away and lost as it was.

Toward two o'clock the wind suddenly went down, and then the captain ordered the boats to be provisioned and lowered; but still he resolved not to desert the ship until he was absolutely forced to do so.

About five o'clock in the morning the hail came from the lookout for'ard:

"Land ho!" and the welcome cry infused new life into the exhausted crew.

"Where away?" demanded the captain, eagerly.

"Dead ahead," came back the reply.

The captain and first mate brought their glasses to bear upon the object described from the lookout.

"It's an island," said the captain at last, "and so far as I can judge it is of considerable size."

"Yes," returned the mate, "and it's plain to see that it is both well timbered and watered."

"It's some distance off as yet," said the captain.

"Yes. Should you judge the ship can keep afloat long enough for us to reach it?" asked his companion.

"I should hardly think so," was the reply; "but it's best to stick to her as long as she can keep her head above water."

"I believe you, sir; that's my mind exactly."

But some of the men were not of this opinion, and were now rapidly conveying into two or three boats whatever they imagined would be of the best service to them on shore.

They would not listen to the captain's advice, nor his entreaties—for, under the circumstances, he did not judge it right to command—and so, having loaded their boats, they rushed into them and cut away from the ship.

Now, although the wind, to a great extent, had gone down, still there was a tremendous sea on, and the boats being heavily

loaded with stores, and overcrowded with men, were soon in a precarious condition.

They had not gone more than one hundred yards from the ship when one of them capsized, and notwithstanding all the efforts made by the men in the other boat, only one was saved.

This appalling catastrophe was of course witnessed from the ship, and cast a gloom over the few who now remained on board of her.

This few consisted of the captain, his two mates, the passengers—father and son—two old and reliable sailors, and Dan and Bob.

CHAPTER IV.

TAKING POSSESSION OF THE ISLAND—LANDING THE SHIP'S CARGO—THE FINDING OF THE FIRST BOAT AND THE DEAD BODIES.

Considering the enormous weight of water she carried in her hold, the ship moved quite rapidly through the sea, and every moment the island rose higher and higher above the horizon and became more and more distinct.

The other boat they had wholly lost sight of, and knew not whether it had been swamped or not.

The captain was anxiously looking for some opening through which he might run in his vessel, when the question was suddenly determined for him by her striking heavily on a coral reef.

The shock threw them all upon their faces, and the next instant a tremendous wave struck her and lifted her high upon the reef, while at the same time it swept the deck, carrying the second mate with it.

Each succeeding wave now carried the ship higher upon the reef, until at last she was, in a measure, above the force of the fury, and held tightly, as in a vise.

"For the present," said the captain, as he took in the situation, "we are safe, and can remain here until the sea goes down sufficiently to warrant us in taking to the boats. In the meantime we had better get together everything that will be of the least service to us on shore."

All saw the wisdom of this advice, and turned to and assisted to the full extent of their ability. Mr. Norton, the passenger, and Nelson, his son, doing almost as much as any of the rest.

It was not long before the deck of the "Bay State" was covered with stores of every kind, including a large quantity of useful implements.

There were barrels of flour, ship-biscuits, salt-junk, and of pork; casks of brandy, whiskey, rum, gin, and of wine; bags of potatoes, corn, rye, rice and of other grains; cans of condensed milk, meats, vegetables, and of fruits.

There were chests of clothing, quantities of sail-cloth, boxes of boots, shoes, and head-covering, as well as of books, papers, pamphlets and the like.

In the matter of implements, there were axes, hatchets, saws, drawing-knives, planes, and in fact every kind of carpenter's tools, as well as guns, rifles, pistols, revolvers, gunpowder, shot, cartridges, swords, and other weapons and munitions of attack and defense. And in this connection we must not neglect to mention a first-class twelve pound cannon, and two others, of a smaller caliber.

As will be remembered, the boats still remaining to the ship had already been provisioned with both food and water, so that it did not require a great deal of time to prepare them for the first trip to the shore.

But although they were soon ready for the start, the captain warned those about him that there was quite a surf breaking upon the shore, which they would be obliged to encounter, and that it would be the part of wisdom to take it at its best; and after careful consideration he advised that they should pass another night on board the wreck.

At length this was agreed to, and the little company on board the "Bay State" spent the time in still further perfecting their arrangements for the future life on shore.

There was little sleep in the ship that night, and when morning once more dawned all looked anxiously toward the island.

There it lay, less than two miles distance, like a great emerald, floating on the sea.

Between them and the shore the waves rolled in with gentle motion, and it was hard to believe that so short a time before the water, which now seemed so calm and peaceful had been lashing themselves with such tremendous fury.

"We can start now," said the captain, "whenever you please, and my notion is that about two of us had better stay on board and bring up the goods as fast as they are taken away, and that two others should remain on land to receive them, and so carry them up to some safe place out of the reach of the waves, as fast as they are landed."

"A good idea," said Mr. Bradley, the mate, "and that will leave about the right number to man the boats in this smooth water."

"Well, then, who shall go and who shall stay?" asked the captain.

"That's for you to say," responded the mate; "for to my mind you are our commander still."

"Yes, yes," responded all the others, eagerly, "just give your orders, cap'n, and we'll obey them."

"And you will please to consider me as much subject to your orders as any here," said Mr. Norton, stepping forward.

"Thank you," said the captain, evidently pleased with this ready submission to his authority, "perhaps it is better thus. And now let me see, Dan, you and young Norton may stay here for the present and I will go on shore and take a look about, then I will leave Mr. Norton in command there and return and take charge here; for it is important that what we need most should be sent on shore first.

"Of course," he added, turning to the mate and Mr. Norton, "I hope to save everything worth saving in the ship, for I'm thinking that after we've once got domiciled on that island, we may need it all before we get off again."

"Why do you say that, captain?" asked Mr. Norton in an anxious tone.

"Well, I've been examining the charts, you see, and making some observations, and I am sorry to say that I find this place is entirely out of the line of commerce. If we are ever taken off that island and restored to our friends and civilization, it will be by some whaler coming here for water, or some merchantman driven here by accident."

Mr. Norton groaned.

"Don't take it so hard, my good friend," said the captain, placing his hand gently on his shoulder. "Remember, there might be a much worse fate than spending one's life on yonder beautiful island"

"I know, I know, captain," said Mr. Norton, hastily, "but only think what a prospect for my son, shut out from all the world in the midst of the vast Pacific Ocean, and at his age, too. Ah, that's why I sigh, for myself I do not care."

"Well, well," said the captain in a more cheerful tone, "things may turn out better than we think after all. At any rate, we'll prepare for the worst and hope for the best, and now let us make a start."

Mr. Bradley, the two sailors and Bob Tackle were already in the boats, and now the captain and Mr. Norton joined them, and they started, side by side, for the shore. Dan and Nelson Norton wistfully watched them from the deck of the vessel.

On reaching the island, which they did without accident, the boats were hauled up on the beach and their precious cargoes disembarked, and while Mr. Norton and the sailors were busy carrying the stores up out of the reach of the sea, the captain and Mr. Bradley made a hasty survey of that part of the island.

Naturally they were most anxious to ascertain if there were any traces of their companions, who had taken to the boats the day before, and for this purpose they walked for some distance along the shore.

For some time they discovered nothing, but at length they come upon the dead body of one of the sailors, who, they instantly remembered, was in the boat they had seen capsized.

The captain thought it best to examine his pockets, as they were in no condition to throw anything away, and then prepare him for burial.

This was quickly done, and then they moved slowly on along the shore.

Shortly after they discovered the boat. It was stove in, but not, as the captain remarked, beyond repair; so with the assistance of the two sailors, whom Mr. Bradley summoned, it was hauled up into the shade of the broad-leaved trees, and was thus out of reach of the deadly action of the sun.

Two or three other bodies were found a little further along the beach, and some of the stores that had been aboard the boat, such as a keg of powder, which, although it was thoroughly wet, near the outside, was quite dry in the centre, and therefore worth looking after. A chest of tools, that, instead of going to the bottom, as one would have supposed, was washed up high and dry upon the shore; and a box of liquors and medicines, the sight of which very much pleased the captain.

These and many other things they found, but not a sign of the second boat or any of its crew.

They now returned to where they had left their own boats and reported what they had seen, as well as the fact that they had no news of the second boat.

"From that fact," said Mr. Norton, "I judge the chances are more than even that they are yet alive."

"It would seem so," said Captain Ramsdell, "but if so, where can they be?"

"Ah! that I cannot tell," replied Mr. Norton; "but we shall yet come across them, and perhaps when we least expect it."

"It may be, and now I will leave you here and return to the ship."

When the two boats returned to the ship Mr. Norton was left alone on the island, but having plenty to keep him busy, he had no time to feel lonely before they were back again.

CHAPTER V.

HARD LABOR—BOB'S RIDE—THE EXCURSION.

This time they brought him an assistant in the person of Dan, and among the cargoes landed was a quantity of canvas, which the young sailor informed Mr. Norton was to be used in the construction of a couple of tents.

After the stores brought by the boats on this trip had been carried up out of the reach of the waves, they turned their attention to the building of the tents. This was no very difficult task; they had only to select a group of four trees for each tent, or rather shelter, and use the broad-leafed boughs for a roof, then nail the canvas from trunk to trunk, leaving an opening for a door, sprinkle dried grass and leaves on the ground for a carpet, and their habitations were completed.

It was a remaakably busy day for all, and when night came they were glad enough to take possession of their new quarters.

Early the next morning Dan, Bob and Nelson Norton were abroad long before any of the others were astir. Speedily their inclinations led them toward the shore.

"By Jove! Dan," exclaimed Bob, suddenly, "just look there; ain't that a buster?"

The other boys glanced in the direction indicated and beheld a monster turtle, by far the largest they had ever seen in all their lives.

It had already taken alarm and was making for the sea as rapidly as possible.

"Get between it and the water! Get between it and the water!" yelled Dan, excitedly. "Nel, you and Bob run that way and I'll go this," and off they all started like the wind.

Speedily the monster's retreat was cut off, and a moment later he was lying on his back.

"Now, then, for an axe," said Dan.

"What do want of an axe?" asked Nelson, wonderingly.

"To chop his head off with, and then to divide the shells," was the reply.

Before Dan had finished speaking Bob had started off for the required tool.

In less than five minutes he returned, duly armed, and the next moment the monster turtle was decapitated.

The boys then proceeded to fasten a rope, which Bob had procured for that purpose, to its flippers, and then to drag the bulky weight to the vicinity of the tents.

Their glad shouting soon brought out the captain and all the rest, and much praise was bestowed on the young purveyors for the excellent meal they had furnished.

All through this day the work of unloading the ship steadily continued, and when, towards night, the captain came on shore, he announced that most of what he considered to be absolute necessaries had been landed.

The boats made one more trip, and, far sooner than the captain had expected, returned, freighted so heavily that they sank almost to their gunwales in the water.

But the cargoes were of that description to cause Mr. Norton to compliment both the captain and mate highly for their thoughtfulness and good judgment.

Among the things he considered most valuable was a lot of seeds, including corn, rye, wheat and so forth. There were also such roots as potatoes, carrots, turnips, beets, and the like.

The mate had also brought away a curious electric machine, upon which he had expended much thought and time, and if there was one thing that consoled him more than another for the misfortune of being shipwrecked, on a lonely island in the vast Pacific ocean, it was that he might now have time to bring his curious machine to perfection.

Dan Graham had taken a deep interest in this machine from the very outset of the voyage, and understood its workings almost as well as Mr. Bradley himself, and now, as he saw it being brought ashore, his eyes glistened with satisfaction.

Captain Ramsdell and Mr. Bradley were conversing together, as to what plan it was best to follow in the morning, when suddenly a loud squeal broke on their ears, and the next moment Bob's head came in violent contact with the captain's stomach, and an old sow darted between his legs, landing both him and Bob together in the midst of a pile of onions, carrots and other roots.

This mishap caused some merriment, notwithstanding the fact that the captain was at first inclined to be angry.

It seemed that they had brought a sow and boar on shore with them, and that Bob and Dan had lifted them out of the boat. Bob had then sat on the back of the sow in order to hold her while he cut the cords that confined her legs. The moment the sow felt her legs at liberty she sprang up, with the boy still on her back, and ran with wild terror, not heeding whither she went, and the result was, naturally, a collision.

The pigs were permitted to run wild and provide for themselves; but a few sheep and goats, which had been taken on board the ship at Sidney, and which afterwards were landed on the island, were kept confined near the tents.

The next day it was agreed that but one boat should go to the ship, and that the crews should alternate, one spending the time on shore one day and the other the next.

The captain was very anxious to know something about the geography of the island, whether it was inhabited or not; whether it was a solitary island or one of a group; and to obtain such other information as was possible; and so it was determined that on the following day he, accompanied by Mr. Norton and Dan, should make an excursion along the shore and into the interior.

It was hardly daylight when they set out, and they were compelled to take it somewhat leisurely, as the captain had deemed it advisable to go well armed.

After travelling some three or more miles along the shore they came upon quite an extensive bay, indenting the coast for more than a mile, and from the abrupt slope of the shore, the captain judged the water must be deep enough to float a line-of-battle ship.

They now followed the shore of the bay until they had reached its head, and here they came to the mouth of a wide and deep stream of pure water.

"Wouldn't it be a good plan to follow up this little river?" asked Dan, whom the sight of the stream pleased very much.

"I was just thinking of that," said the captain, musingly. "And now I almost wish we had come in a boat."

"Why, captain?" asked Mr. Norton.

"Because, if I'm not mistaken, we'll see many things along the banks of this stream that we'd like to take back to camp with us, and then, with a boat, we could visit either shore at will. But no matter now, we will go on, and come with the boat next time," and so they followed along the left bank of

the river for a good mile or more, seeing many things that excited their admiration and curiosity.

Gradually the river narrowed and became more shallow, and at length, just as they were emerging into an open country, they saw where a mighty tree had fallen across the stream, conveniently bridging it for them, and upon this they made their way to the other side.

Now, directly ahead of them was quite a steep hill, and beyond this an eminence that might well be called a mountain.

"I would really like to get a view from up aloft there," said the captain. "Do you two think you could stand the toil and fatigue of a journey to the top?"

"In my case I think it's a little doubtful," said Mr. Norton.

"Let me just get a good drink of water here first, and fill my bottle," said Dan, "and then I'll agree to keep you company to the very summit."

"Not a bad idea that," said the captain heartily, "and one I think we'll all take the benefit of." And so they did. Then the journey up the mountain side commenced.

It was understood that Mr. Norton should take his own time, and that if he wished to give up altogether, before they reached the top, he could do so, and wait in some agreeable place until the captain and Dan should come down.

The sun was now shining very brightly, its rays being anything but comfortable, and the captain and his companions had no very pleasant task before them.

They reached the top of the hill, having followed the course of a little stream that fed the river they had just left, and from this elevation they had quite an extensive view.

They could easily distinguish the wreck and the boat that had just left it on its way to the shore.

Dan declared that he could make out Bill Binks at one of the oars.

"That's rather hard to believe," laughed the captain. "Now you don't think Bill can make you out, do you?"

"I don't know, sir; but if you're willing, I'd like to turn loose my rifle, just to see."

"All, right, only don't waste a charge. Can't you find something worth firing at?"

"What's that up there? Good to eat, sir?"

"I should call it a pintado. Yes, it's good. Let drive."

Thus licensed, Dan blazed away, and down came the bird.

The captain was watching the boat.

Sure enough! off went the sailors' hats and they were waved vigorously.

"One can distinguish objects in this splendid, clear atmosphere, at a much greater distance than in most parts of the world," said the captain. "And now I'm inclined to think that when we reach yonder mountain top, if we have any neighbors we shall be able to spy them out."

"I must manage in some way to bear you company," said Mr. Norton, "or at least, if I fall behind, you must wait on the summit for me to join you."

"That we shall do," said the captain.

It was high noon when Captain Ramsdell and Dan at length reached the highest point on the island, and fully a half hour later when Mr. Norton joined them.

They could now see just what kind of a prison house they were shut up in.

The island was spread out below them, with its boundless frame of water like a great map, and they were pleased to see that it was not only broad in extent but extremely fertile.

As Dan very justly remarked—there was not a single barren spot upon it.

"How big should you think it was, captain?" asked Mr. Norton.

"It's pretty hard to say, sir," responded the captain, "but I should judge it was something more than thirty miles long, and as you see, the width varies very much. In some places it is quite fifteen miles wide, while in others it is not more than four and a half or five miles."

"Do you see any other islands, captain?" asked Mr. Norton.

The captain cast his eye over the wide waste of water that surrounded them on every hand.

"N—n—no," he said, at last, "I can't say that I do. There seems to be none visible, at least to the naked eye."

"What's that, sir, just off to the sou'-west there?" asked Dan, "another point from where you are looking, sir."

"Ah! yes, that's an island, sure," exclaimed the captain, greatly interested, "let me get a look at it through my glass."

The captain took a long look at their newly discovered neighbor, and then as he passed the glass to Mr. Norton, said—

"That island is even larger than this one, and there are at least a dozen smaller ones in its vicinity."

"I see," said Mr. Norton, as he gazed through the powerful glass, "and I also distinguish another large island farther to the north."

The glass was then handed to Dan, who speedily singled out all that his companions had seen. Then, as he returned the glass to the captain, he asked:

"Don't you think, sir, some of these islands must be inhabited?"

"It hardly seems possible that they should be deserted," responded the captain in a musing tone. "I can scarcely believe that; but then comes the question: If they are inhabited, how is it that this beautiful spot has been left a solitude?"

"Are we sure that it is so?" asked Mr. Norton, anxiously.

"No, certainly not; that is, not perfectly sure," responded the captain. "But we can see no signs of life, not even from here, and usually, where there are human beings, there is something to betray them; but, as you see, there is not so much as a single column of smoke arising from any part of the island."

"That is very true," said Mr. Norton, emphatically.

"Still, we mustn't let that convince us that we are alone," said the captain. "One thing I hold as pretty certain, we shall have to carefully explore the island, to satisfy ourselves that we have no near neighbors."

"True, and when we do it, it must be in force," murmured Mr. Norton.

"Yes, quite right. I agree with you," said his friend. "And for my part, I wish we had a secret dwelling place, a house in a banyan tree, or a cave in a rock."

"Something of the last character ought easily to be found in such an island as this; for wherever you find volcanic formation you find caves. I believe there is no exception to that rule," said Mr. Norton.

"You're right," exclaimed the captain, "and we'll hunt for one before another twenty-four hours has passed. And now let us descend."

The descent did not require near so much time, nor was not so fatiguing as the ascent, and before they fully realized it they once more found themselves on the summit of the hill, from whence they had first obtained a view of the wreck and the boat.

The captain now proposed that they should take a new route, and so strike the river a little higher up.

They had made a good part of the distance—in fact, were not more than forty or fifty rods from the river bank, when Dan, who was running on some distance ahead in pursuit of game, suddenly disappeared from before their eyes, as though the ground had opened and swallowed him.

"Great heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Norton, in astonishment, "where did he go to?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," responded the captain, as he hastened forward, "unless he sank into the earth, and that's just what he did do—see here!"

CHAPTER VI.

DAN MAKES A DESCENT INTO THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH —THE CAVERN.

Sure enough, there at their feet was an aperture fully three feet in diameter and extending downward to an unknown depth.

"Dan, Dan!" called the captain, stooping over the hole, "are you much hurt?" and he waited anxiously for a reply.

"A little, I'm afraid, sir," came back a feeble voice from below.

"What kind of a place are you in, Dan?" was the next question.

"I can't see a thing, sir, except the hole through which I fell," came up the answer; "but I should think it was a vast cavern, the bottom of which seems to be fine white sand and as level as a floor."

"Don't you see any way out?"

"And if I did I'm afraid I could not walk. I've hurt my leg and side quite badly."

"Then you'll have to remain there until we can return to the camp and get some ropes. You won't be afraid?"

"No, sir; but stay, now that my eyes are getting used to the darkness, I see the dry bed of a subterranean stream. Of course it must have an outlet somewhere."

"True. In what direction does it run?"

"Toward the river, sir."

"Do you think you can drag yourself along it until you reach the opening?"

"I'll try, sir—yes, I think I can."

"Well, then, we'll walk on slowly, and you can make the best of your way in the same direction."

"All right, sir."

Slowly the two men proceeded toward the foot of the hill and the bank of the river, conversing as they went.

"I'm very sorry that boy's hurt," said the captain, in a troubled tone.

"Yes, it's a misfortune," returned his companion; "but you know there's an old adage which tells us that there's no great oss but there's some small gain."

"I don't understand," said Captain Ramsdell, turning an inquiring look upon his companion.

"Why, through this boy's mishap we have discovered just what we were to have spent the whole of to-morrow, and the Lord knows how much more time beside, looking for—a strong and safe secret cavern."

"By Jove! you're right, Norton!" cried the captain. "Perhaps this thing will turn out for the best, after all."

They had now got within eighteen or twenty rods of the river. Just before them was an abrupt descent of some twenty-five or thirty feet, and a little to the left, on the lower level, was a clump of broad-leafed trees, underneath which was a dense growth of underbrush.

Suddenly, just as they had accomplished the abrupt descent, from out the mass of undergrowth they beheld Dan, slowly creeping.

"Well, well, and so there is an outlet!" exclaimed the captain, in delight.

"Yes, sir," responded Dan, without attempting to rise, "and it only needs to be enlarged a little to make that vast cavern available to us as a splendid store-house."

"Ah, so you got a chance, at last, to see what kind of a place you had fallen into?" said the captain.

"Why, you see, sir," responded Dan, "I happened to remember that I had a few matches in my pocket, and so I lit one or two and took a look about me."

"What! what! threw away matches? Don't be wasteful again in things of that kind."

"I think, sir," said Dan, respectfully, "that we need never be afraid of being without fire, so long as we have gunpowder and Mr. Bradley's electric machine with us."

"Ah! to be sure, I had quite forgotten," said the captain, "but tell us, are you much hurt?"

"I fear so, considerably; though I don't think any bones are broken."

"Can you walk?"

"I'll try, sir," and Dan made the attempt, but sank back on the ground with a cry of agony.

"What shall we do?" asked the captain, greatly perplexed.

"Let me see your leg, Dan," said Mr. Norton, "I'm something of a physician and surgeon."

"Ah! but it's not only down there at my ankle," said Dan, as Mr. Norton began to turn up his pants' leg, "but it's my thigh as well."

A portion of the boy's clothing was gently removed, and then it was discovered that his ankle had been severely sprained and his thigh sadly bruised.

"There is no use thinking of such a thing as getting him away from this spot," said Mr. Norton, decidedly, "and so there's but one thing to do; I'll stay here and nurse him. Cold water, and bandages carefully applied, will do so much, you know."

"Yes; but what shall I do?" asked the captain, irresolutely.

"If I might suggest," said Mr. Norton, "you leave everything here but a single rifle and revolver, return to camp as speedily as possible, and send some one with the medicine chest and whatever else you deem advisable."

"The very thing," exclaimed the captain, "and as we have decided to locate here, you two may as well consider yourselves the first inhabitants of the new town."

"All right, we will do so," said Mr. Norton, with a smile, "and will proceed to make ourselves at home at once."

"Well, can I do anything more for you before I go," asked the captain, taking up his rifle.

"No, captain, your going is the only thing you can do for us now; for the sooner you depart the sooner we shall hear from you again."

"All right, then, I will be off at once," and throwing the rifle over his shoulder the captain crossed the river and plunged into the dense forest on the further side.

Immediately on the departure of the captain Mr. Norton made up a comfortable bed for Dan in the shade of a spreading tree, and no great distance from the mouth of the cavern.

Then he procured some water from the neighboring stream, bathed his bruises and sprain, and with his own and Dan's handkerchiefs tightly bandaged his ankle.

Dan now declared himself quite comfortable, and looked on with great serenity while Mr. Norton built a fire and prepared the pintado for supper.

It was getting on toward evening, when, as the two were seated together under the great tree, they heard a splash below them on the river.

Dan looked up quickly.

"Hello! see there," he cried.

Mr. Norton cast a glance in the direction indicated, and there he beheld one of the boats, manned by Bob Tackle and Bill Binks, and under command of the captain himself.

They at once saw that the boat was heavily laden, and Dan was quite curious to know of what the cargo consisted, but of course it was utterly impossible for him to get to it to find out, so he was obliged to possess his soul with patience.

Mr. Norton hurried off to assist the boat's crew in removing the stores.

The first thing deposited by Dan's side was the medicine chest, and then in rapid succession came tools, implements and fire-arms, together with provisions and comfortable bedding.

Bob Tackle hugged Dan as though they had been separated for a year, and even cried a little, when he saw his poor wounded leg and pale, suffering face.

But Dan smiled at him and told him it was a great relief to think that he had not got to tramp all the way back to camp, for that he was of so much importance the camp, as fast as possible, was coming to him.

The captain now announced his plans.

One of the party would stay permanently with the invalid at Daniel's den, as he had facetiously named the cavern, and while not removing stores from the river bank to the cave or waiting on Dan, he could be enlarging the entrance and cutting away enough of the underbrush to make a suitable passage to and from it.

Two more would be using one boat in bringing stores from the old camp around to the river landing. One would remain at the camp, to watch the goods there and reconvey them to the shore as fast as the boat could take them away. Two more would man the other sound boat, and make trips between the river landing and the wreck, and the remaining man would stay on board the wreck getting out such portions of the cargo as were still worth saving.

By general consent Mr. Norton stopped with the sufferer at Daniel's den, the others being distributed as the captain thought best.

At the end of three days the old camp was deserted, everything having been removed from there, and the cavern, which was found to be an immense cave of wondrous beauty, was beginning to assume the appearance of a great store house.

Every member of the party was delighted with the den, and all were pleased when the captain announced one morning that Mr. Bradley and himself were going to put up the bunks, that were to be brought away from the ship that day, and that, as soon as possible, they would build a regular old-fashioned New England fire-place, and so have everything comfortable before the rainy season set in.

It was a round month from the day when these eight persons had first taken possession of Bountiful Isle, as they had resolved to call it, before the last of the cargo was taken from the wreck, and the new islanders were ready to turn their attention to something else.

Then it was that Captain Ramsdell began to think about fitting out a boat with mast, sail, a half-deck, etc., wherewith to circumnavigate the island.

The stove boat, being much the largest of the three, was at length selected for this purpose, and the mate and sailors went to work upon her.

The fitting out was neither a long or very difficult task, and in two weeks it was accomplished.

A week later the little sloop, which had been named "The Osprey," with a complete stock of provisions on board, was ready for sea.

The captain announced the fact at supper, and said they would sail on the morrow, that all would go, and that the voyage would last at least a week.

Mr. Norton looked rather doubtfully at Dan.

"I'm afraid that in so crowded a place as the boat will be, this poor lad won't find much comfort," he said.

"I thought he was getting along finely," said the captain, a shade of disappointment passing over his face.

"His thigh is pretty bad yet, and he ought to remain where he will have plenty of room and be put to no inconvenience," said Mr. Norton.

"I'll stay with him," volunteered Bob, promptly.

"I can't spare you," said the captain, hastily, "I have a particular reason for wanting you with us."

Bob looked quite disappointed.

So did Dan; but looking up at the captain, he bravely said:

"I shall do very well alone, sir, I dare say."

"But you will certainly feel lonely, my poor fellow," said the captain.

"Not at all," responded Dan, "and if Mr. Bradley don't mind my experimenting with his electric machine, I am sure the time will pass pleasantly enough.'

"You are at liberty to use that or anything else belonging to me, to your heart's content," said Mr. Bradley, warmly.

"But ought not some one to stay with Dan?" asked Nel Norton, doubtfully.

"Would you like to stay?" demanded the captain, quickly.

"Why—yes, sir, if father is willing," said Nel.

Mr. Norton hesitated. Dan saw it, and at once hastened to say:

"No, no, I will do very well alone; indeed, I need no companion."

"I'm half a mind to take you with me any way," said the captain, irresolutely.

"In that case, captain, how will the sheep and other live stock get fed?" asked Dan.

"Ah, I never once thought of that," said the captain, musingly. "And are you really quite sure that you are willing to stay behind and won't get lonely?"

"Quite, sir," was the manly reply.

"Then so be it." And after a pause:

"I wouldn't go at all; but I really feel as though it was absolutely necessary, for, as I have said many times, we must know whether or not we have any near neighbors, and especially whether there is any of our ship's company on this island, or if any savages visit it on the other side. And then you know, Dan, we shall only be gone for a week."

The night passed, the morning came; they ate their last meal together in the cavern, and then Dan accompanied them down to the river and saw them embark on board the "Osprey."

The sloop slowly dropped down stream. Dan stood alone on the landing, wistfully gazing after them.

"Good-bye, old fellow," "good-bye, old fellow," came back to him the voices of those he loved.

"Good-bye, Dan; keep up a good heart," called out the cap-

tain, in cheery tones. "Remember, a week will soon pass, and then we shall be with you again."

Alas! alas! how many weeks passed, and still they did not come!

Poor Dan! Poor Dan!

CHAPTER VII.

THE ELECTRIC MACHINES AND THE GALVANIC BATTERIES —THE TERRIBLE STORM.

If ever a boy felt himself to be alone in the world it was Dan Graham, after the Osprey had turned a bend in the river and disappeared from view.

He stood on the spot from whence he had caught the last sight of her, for some time, and then, with a weary sigh, turned toward the cavern.

His ankle was yet weak, his thigh was hardly healed, and so he could not get over the ground very fast.

But then there was no cause to hurry, his time was his own. He had nothing to do but feed the live stock, cook his meals and sleep. And as this thought passed through his mind he remembered that, as yet, the sheep and goats had not been fed; so quickening his pace, he went to the great pen and supplied them liberally.

He then, feeling somewhat weary, went into the cavern and lay down.

As he cast his eyes about the great natural chamber they rested upon Mr. Bradley's strange and delicate machine.

He hastily arose, and taking it down from the shelf upon which it stood, placed it upon a table, and began to study and experiment with it. Soon he became so completely absorbed as to forget all else besides.

At length, with the flush of excitement on his brow, he hastened to a large chest standing near the captain's bunk, and from this he took some thin plates of zinc and some strips of copper sheathing that had been taken from the hull of the Bay State. He also procured a quantity of copper wire, and with these things he returned to the table.

He now, with the aid of a certain acid, constructed a galvanic battery; but it was more perfect and more compact than anything he had heard or seen of before, and he felt quite proud of his invention.

After some difficulty he managed to fit his battery into the small of his back, arranging wires so that they ran from it to his shoulders, thence down his coat sleeves, and terminating in rings of combined metals at his wrists.

Then, with high expectation, he tried an experiment that he had long had in his mind.

It didn't work.

Considerably disappointed, he tried again, but with no better success.

He sat down and gave himself up to deep thought; but now he suddenly became conscious that it was with difficulty he could distinguish objects.

He looked up.

Lo! the darkness had come, and the first day of his solitude was past.

The next day Dan went to work on a new system. He resolved to make a complete machine, in every way like Mr. Bradley's only nearly flat and much lighter.

This task occupied all of two days and a part of two nights.

It was finished at last, and when the next morning came he fitted it to the hollow of his back, arranged the wires to his satisfaction, and then went outside.

He looked about him. The only living thing he could see was a pig, which came grunting toward him.

With some difficulty Dan managed to get near enough to touch it with the tips of his fingers. The porker gave one grunt of consternation and keeled over, apparently as dead as Julius Cæsar.

Dan felt of him. His limbs were as rigid as those of a statue.

By a rapid motion he disconnected one and connected another wire at his wrist, and then touched the pig again.

Instantly it sprang up and went grunting away at a lively rate.

"I've got it!" exclaimed Dan, exultantly, "Eureka! I've found it at last, and now for fun."

Three more days Dan worked on his machine, or rather machines, for he made still another, even more complicated than the first, and it proved in every particular to be all that he could wish.

In fact, even Dan, modest as he naturally was, could not help acknowledging to himself that the scholar had surpassed

the teac er, an that when Mr Bradley should return he would be abundantly able to teach him a thing or two.

We shall not at this time undertake a description of Dan's wonderful instruments, or of their subtle connecting wires, believing the reader will feel a greater interest in learning of them through the uses they were put to, as the story progresses and develops itself.

Sunday passed. The last day of the week had come and gone.

That night Dan believed he should welcome his dear friends home again, and he was obliged to acknowledge to himself that, after all, the time had slipped by much faster th:n he had dreamed it would.

He prepared a glorious supper—the best of everything the island afforded, and almost enough of it to feed a young army.

He began to grow hungry himself after a time, from simply looking at the food; but he bravely refrained from touching any, resolving to wait until the others were there to eat with him.

Six—seven—eight o'clock came, and still no "Osprey" was in sight.

Dan was very tired, and although uneasy at the nonappearance of his friends thought he would lie down for a little.

He did so, and spite of his anxiety, fell into a deep but troubled sleep.

How long he slept he did not know; but suddenly he was awakened by a tremendous crash of thunder, and as he started up the cavern seemed for an instant to be as light as day, then all was pitchy darkness once more.

Again came the luminous light, then another terrible explosion, and the island seemed to tremble to its very foundation.

Dan was actually frightened. What boy of his age, and under the same circumstances, would not have been?

He sprang from his bed and hurried to the opening, thinking the roof of the cavern was about to fall in.

He was about to dart out into the night and storm. At that very instant a mass of rock came thundering down the mountain side and crashing through the branches of the trees, and then fell directly in front of him, not more than three feet away.

Had it lodged but that much nearer, it would have effectually

sealed up the opening of the cavern, and Dan Gra am would have been buried alive.

And now the rain came down, not as we see it here, but in perfect torrents, in fact, an ocean seemed to be turned loose from the sky.

It was simply a tremendous storm—a storm accompanied by thunder and lightning, and wind enough to be called a perfect hurricane.

Suddenly a thought occurred to Dan—the Osprey!

The Osprey! If she was not already in the river, she must inevitably be lost with all on board!

The thought was maddening.

A cold shiver seized him. His heart died within him, and he wept.

Slowly the hours dragged on, and still the storm continued with unabated fury.

At last he managed to get a little rest, and when he again awoke it was day.

Putting a glass under his arm, and snatching up a piece of meat with one hand and a rifle with the other, he hurried forth.

The storm was over, and the sun was shining with all its splendor.

Dan looked eagerly toward the river.

No signs of the missing boat.

After a moment's consideration he resolved to ascend to the hill-top, from whence he had once made out Bill Binks in the boat. Oh, should he ever have a chance to spy him out again?

Dan had improved wonderfully in the past week. His bruised thigh was quite well, and his ankle was much stronger. Still it was a weary task climbing that hill.

He reached the summit at last, and earnestly gazed forth upon the sea about him.

There was nothing to be seen—the waters were one vast blank—not a speck in any direction. Nothing but tumbling, rolling, troubled waves.

He put the glass to his eye and looked again. Still nothing.

He remained on the spot for more than two hours, and then remembering that he had not yet cared for his live stock, went down.

Having cared for the stock, he slowly made his way toward the little clump of trees in front of the opening to the cave. As he was about to pass in, the three cannons that the captain had

caused to be mounted and so placed as to defend the opening, attracted his attention.

"Ah," he said to himself, "I must see if they have escaped the storm without injury," and hurrying forward he removed the tarpaulin from the twelve-pounder.

It was all right. So were both of the others; but this was not to be wondered at, for they had been so carefully covered, and were so well sheltered by the thick-leafed trees and undergrowth that it would have been difficult for the rain to reach them.

The day passed, the night came, still no news from the missing boat.

A new day dawned. Again Dan ascended to the hill-top, and again, after two hours, returned to the cavern, sick with disappointment.

And so a week sped by.

Now it was two weeks since the "Osprey" had dropped down the river and left the poor boy alone.

Then Dan began to reason.

"If they were anywhere on the island they would have come to me ere this. If they were anywhere on the sea, within a hundred miles, they would have sailed to me before now. If this be true, then there is but two conclusions to arrive at—they have either been carried far away to sea by the storm, or, alas, they are dead, and I am all alone in the world—all alone!" And the poor lad groaned in anguish of spirit.

But suddenly he roused himself.

"I must not—I will not give up thus," he cried. "Because they are dead I must not lay myself down and die. No, no—I must go to work and prepare for the future."

Dan was quite strong now; true, his ankle troubled him a little, but otherwise he was well.

He knew that there having been one storm, the rainy season was now likely to set in at any time, and that if it found him unprepared, he would have some difficulty in getting through the tropical winter. So he at once began to lay in stores of every kind and to make every provision for spending many weary weeks shut up in the den that bore his name.

And so another week passed, and now he had been alone for three long weeks.

But he was to be alone no more!

It was early on Monday morning. He had ate his breakfast

and fed the live stock, and, as was his daily custom now, with his glass under his arm, he ascended to the summit of the hill, within the bowels of which he made it his home.

Mechanically he raised the glass to his eye and swept the horizon, more from form and habit than because he expected to see anything. But suddenly he started.

He looked again. Then lowering the glass he carefully wiped the lens.

Again he looked.

No! he was not mistaken, there was a boat aproaching the island!

Still he held the glass to his eye.

All at once he uttered an exclamation of alarm. It was not one boat but two!

No! it was three! four! five! six! seven! eight!

"Good gracious!" he exclaimed, "there's a dozen—twenty or them." Then a moment later—

"Aye, more. Great heavens! what shall I do?

"Ah! I know. I'll hide, and if they go away peacefully, well and good; but if they stay and find me out, then let them beware! Aye, if they disturb me, it will be the worst for them, ha, ha!

"They may understand what gunpowder is," he mused, "but I carry about with me something that I'll bet they don't understand, and if I have to make them acquainted with it, I'll do it with a vengeance."

After this soliloquy he again placed the glass to his eye, and his cheeks blanched, for he could count thirty-five canoes in one group, and a little behind them there appeared to be no less than forty more.

"No less than seventy-five in all," he murmured, "and I believe there's not a single canoe that carries less than twenty men, and I'll bet some of them have over thirty. This is a pretty prospect, I must say."

Another thing he noticed. They were approaching the island at a tremendous rate of speed; but why they were in such a hurry to reach shore he could not understand.

This puzzled him for some time. At length, as the two groups of boats suddenly neared each other, while they were yet at least two miles from the island, he discovered the solution of the question. The first group were fleeing from the second. They were enemies, and even now their warriors were ex-

changing arrows and darts, as rapidly as possible.

Suddenly a new idea struck the boy, an idea upon which he at once proceeded to act.

Dan, having made up his mind what to do, hurried down the hillside and entered the cavern.

He then stripped himself stark naked and put on a very peculiar rigging, which made him look somewhat like an overloaded telegraph pole in front of a home office. Then, having drawn out a chest belonging to Captain Ramsdell, he selected a court suit, that had been presented to the captain at Melbourne, and which was much more gaudy than a major general's uniform, or even that of a drum-major, though the latter would have come nearer to it.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ISLAND MAIDEN—OPENING THE BATTLE

And this resplendent suit he donned. Then he clapped on a sash and belt, and having fastened a sword to his side and thrust a brace of pistols into his belt he thought he would do.

"Certainly," he muttered to himself, as he surveyed his reflection in the captain's glass, "I ought to be awe inspiring, for I believe these islanders never saw anything half so gorgeous. I shouldn't at all wonder if they took me for something more than mortal." Then, as another thought presented itself to his mind:

"I'm mighty glad Captain Ramsdell had the forethought to place those cannons where he did. I may be able to make use of them to some advantage now; we shall see."

Again he ascended to the lookout, taking great care not to be seen by the way, and when he had reached a proper point, he gazed off toward the sea.

The foremost group of canoes had entered the bay, and were headed directly toward the mouth of the river.

The second group were less than a quarter of a mile behind them.

On came the fleeing canoes at almost lightning speed, and on came their pursuers as rapidly.

At length the first group landed on the shore of the bay, at the mouth of the river, and Dan observed that they at once retreated into the woods that intervened between the bay and the open ground in front of the den.

"Now," muttered Dan, discontentedly, "they'll speedily be coming out into the plain below there, and so I must go down."

He rapidly descended, and entered the clump of trees that so effectually concealed the entrance to the cavern.

He examined each cannon. All was right.

He brought out a couple of breech-loading rifles. Then he waited.

Some time passed. All remained still as death.

Suddenly a great shout arose, and then he saw a swarm of dusky men and women pour out of the fore[illegible] to the opening.

Many of the women were carrying little c[illegible]dren, and he noticed boys and girls of all ages in the party.

"That's singular," he mused; "these people certainly didn' start out with the intention of having a fight—that's plain enough."

All at once, as he kept his eyes fixed on the approaching party, he noticed a tall and well-shaped old man, of more than sixty years, and immediately knew him to be the chief.

But what made him start and filled him with astonishment was the sight of a beautiful girl by the chieftain's side– a girl of about his own age, and with a complexion almost as fair as his own.

"That settles it!" exclaimed Dan, enthusiastically. "I'm going to fight for that girl, and, by Jove! I'm going to win, too.

"Now I see how it is," he added to himself an instant later. "Although there is between eight hundred and a thousand of these people, they couldn't successfully contend with the others, because more than half of these are women and children, whereas, the others are not only more numerous, but all men, and warriors at that."

All this while Dan continued to watch the dusky people who had so abruptly entered upon his domain, and he saw that they were gradually drawing nearer and nearer his hiding place.

At length the chief seemed to be directing the attention of the women and children toward the very clump of trees that concealed him, and, as at that very moment a deafening yell rang out from the forest, they hurried, with consternation, toward the spot, the beautiful girl leading them.

The chief and his warriors remained on the plain, facing the woods, in order to cover the retreat of their loved ones.

On came the women and children, and before Dan could move back toward the cavern the little patch of woods was full of them, and the lovely island maiden was facing him, apparently struck dumb with astonishment at beholding so unexpected a sight.

Dan, too, was almost speechless; being so near this beautiful being almost took his breath away.

But at length, without thinking that she might not be able to understand English, he managed to stammer out—

"I beg pardon, miss. Don't be frightened. I'll be your friend. I'll destroy all your enemies. Trust me."

"Oh, will you? Can you?" exclaimed the maiden. Then blushing, as though it had been a sin to doubt—"But of course you can, you are an American."

And as Dan listened to those words he thought it was the sweetest voice that uttered them he had ever heard.

Then, for the first time, it occurred to him that it was very strange she should understand and speak his tongue; but without seeking an untimely explanation, he simply said—

"Yes, I can, and I will."

"Do, do, then, at once," cried the girl. "See! see! the demons are pressing on, and oh! they will destroy my father."

"Tell those about you not to be frightened," said Dan hastily, as he sprang toward the largest cannon, "for that I am only going to invoke thunder and lightning to destroy their enemies."

The pursuing party was now coming on resistlessly, and the first party was slowly retreating before them.

Dan sighted the piece, then applied the match.

There was a burst of flame, a report like angry thunder, then the ball and a charge of canister-shot sped forward on their mission of death and destruction.

Dan sickened as he saw what his puny hand had accomplished.

The ball had plowed a furrow through a mass of the advancing warriors, and the canister-shot, in scattering, had mowed down scores on every hand.

But the boy was totally unprepared for the effect the discharge had on all alike.

With appalling cries of terror and consternation they threw themselves upon their faces, and he thought none would ever rise again.

All at once he thought how this might be taken advantage of, and hastening to the side of the lovely island maid, who, though clinging to a tree and trembling with terror, was the only one besides himself that was standing, he said:

"Beautiful maiden, I am the lord of this isle, my realm is the realm of the sea. But I am your friend, and therefore the friend of those you love; I destroy only your enemies. Go tell your father this, and also tell him that it is my will he and his

men should arise and kill their enemies before they can gain their feet."

But even while he spoke Dan saw that the enemy were beginning to recover a little from their fright and were getting up, thinking, doubtless, that it was a thunderbolt that had so suddenly fell among them and destroyed their companions. So, turning to the maiden, he hurriedly said:

"Hold! wait!" then like lightning he reloaded the great gun with ball and canister.

With a terrible yell the enemy came on once more.

Whang went the great gun, and again the dusky islanders fell like ripened grain before the reapers. Indeed, that one discharge killed and wounded no less than twenty-seven, and again all dropped to the ground in superstitious fright.

"Now to your father! To your father, girl!" exclaimed Dan in a voice of authority, and with ready feet the maiden hastened away.

CHAPTER IX.

THE ROUT—FINNIE ENLIGHTENS DAN.

A moment later Dan, while he was reloading the cannon, saw her bending over her father and eagerly speaking to him.

The island chieftan seemed to take heart at once, and starting to his feet he addressed his warriors in a loud and exultant voice.

Instantly they arose and rushed on their appalled and prostrate foe, and more than two hundred of them were destroyed before they could regain their feet or defend themselves. The others, on finding themselves so fiercely attacked, fought with the desperation born of despair.

Suddenly Dan, who had his own reasons for not wishing those whom he was defending to come to harm, called out earnestly,

"Maiden, maiden, tell your friends to throw themselves upon their faces at once."

She instantly repeated the command.

Her father's warriors one and all, dropped as though they had been shot.

No sooner had they done so than the cannon rang out again, and its death-dealing blast swept no less than twenty-two into eternity. And again the remainder fell in abject fright.

"Now then, up and at them!" cried Dan. The girl repeated the cry and the order was instantly obeyed, and more than a hundred were slain. Then those that were left, with wild yells of horror, sprang to their feet and fled into the forest, with their lately despised foe in hot pursuit of them.

From the time they had first emerged from the woods, confidently expecting an easy victory over a feeble enemy, until they again reached its shelter, more than four hundred of them had fallen, and more were being added to the number every moment.

But in the same brief period other things had happened.

Dan Graham, who, until those dusky islanders had advanced

into his domain, was no more than a boy—though a manly one—had now suddenly developed into a man, with all a man's ambition and stern purposes.

And a young and beautiful girl, the daughter of a king, had suddenly experienced a new-born feeling within her bosom, such as she had never known before, and which was destined to endure while life should last. It was a burning, boundless love for the brave and manly youth who had so mysteriously come to the succor of her father and her father's people.

By this time all the warriors had disappeared from the plain in front of the cavern, and only the women and children were left.

But from the dark recesses of the forest appalling cries of terror and pain rang out, followed by exultant shouts of victory and triumph.

"Now," thought Dan, "more than half of them must be slain, and if I am going to carry out my plans, I must begin at once." So, as the beautiful girl again approached him, he said:

"There is a question or two I would like to ask you."

"I will do the best in my power to answer any questions you may see fit to put," she responded.

"Who are these people that your father's warriors are now following?"

"They are our relentless oppressors. They came to our beautiful island more than a month ago, their own having been partially destroyed by an earthquake and volcano, and being greatly superior to us in point of numbers, at length conquered our people and took possession of the island, reducing us to a state of slavery.

"We bore with them because we loved our home, next to this the most beautiful isle in all the sea; but at last, when their How, that is, the king, would have made me one of his subordinate wives, he having six already, my father determined to defeat his plans by fleeing from the island, and so, all that could manage to get away with us, came; but we had not been gone long before we were missed and pursued. You know the rest."

"Then there are more of your people on the other island yet?" asked Dan.

"Oh, yes, fully two thousand, and I should judge something more," was the reply.

"And how many of the enemy remain behind?"

"About four hundred men and seventeen hundred women and children."

"And how many of your people there are men?"

"It may be six hundred."

"Those, I suppose, are not well armed," said Dan.

"No, indeed; they have hardly any arms at all."

"What is your name, please? I wish to know what to call you."

"Finnie, sir," replied the young girl, blushing.

"And what is your father's name, Finnie?"

"Teoo Cava."

"Is your mother living?"

"O, yes sir."

"Where is she?"

"Securely hid in one of the many secret caverns of our island with some true friends. My father dare not bring her with him at this time."

"What is her name?"

"She is now called Toe Cava."

"Is her complexion as light as yours?"

"Lighter, sir. Why, sir, she is an American woman, and in her own country her name was Agnes Whitmore. Her father was the commander of a ship, and she was making a voyage with him—her mother being dead—when they were wrecked, and she was the only one that survived.

"Our people had never seen a great ship, never seen white people like the Americans before; so when she was washed ashore they took her to be the daughter of the sea, and notwithstanding all she has since told them, they persist in believing her to be something more than human, and think their How, or king, is married to a demi-goddess.

"And now, since our conquest by Moegnagnongo, our relentless enemy, they have been anxiously expecting some powerful god, connected with my mother, to come and deliver them and punish their oppressors; so you can easily imagine how readily they believed your words and obeyed your commands."

"Thank you, Finnie, for all your information. And now shall I tell you what I am going to do? Well, I am going to capture all of Moegnagnongo's warriors that are now living, and make slaves of them. You wait here and take charge of everything until I return. Oh! before I go let me ask one question more: Why has this island never been inhabited?"

"It has been inhabited. Many, many years ago when my great grandfather was the How, a portion of our people lived here. At last they became wicked, and not only rebelled, but did many other things that greatly displeased the Hotooa, or all powerful God, and suddenly he smote them down, or drove them from this beautiful place. Then the How ordered the island to be tabooed, and since then no one has dared to live here, and it has only been visited when it was necessary to perform some most solemn sacrifice to the great Hotooa."

"Then how was it that you dared to come here now?" asked Dan.

"Because we came with the express intention of seeking the aid and protection of the great spirit whom we believe abides here."

"Ah! I understand," said Dan; "and now, Finnie, I must be gone," and with these words he hurried away.

Dan was not long in reaching the woods, but when he had got there he saw nobody, so he hurrried on toward the coast.

On every hand he beheld the dead and dying, but nowhere did he see the contending forces.

At length, just before he reached the outer skirts of the forest he discovered them, and was greatly surprised to see that of considerably more than a thousand men that had originally constituted the number of the enemy, no more than four hundred or four hundred and fifty remained.

He hurried forward, and was glad to observe that Teoo Cava's men were getting between the fugitives and their canoes.

Suddenly both forces caught sight of him at the same time, and abruptly suspending hostilities, both alike sent up a cry of surprise and superstitious awe.

Dan now, with a loud cry and a motion of his hand ordered the enemy to fall upon their faces.

Many of them instantly obeyed, but others hesitated.

Dan repeated the motion, stamping his foot upon the earth to enforce his command.

Many more obeyed, but still there were some, especially among the chiefs and principal men, who held out, braving his displeasure as it were.

Dan drew a revolver and pointed it at the most conspicuous figure of them all. It was Moegnagnongo himself.

This renowned warrior seemed a little disconcerted when he saw the action, but still remained standing.

Dan pulled the trigger.

There was a momentary flash of light, a report, and then the great and heretofore all-conquering king staggered forward a step or two and fell upon his face, dead.

Before the echo had died away every man of either party was embracing mother earth.

Then our young hero sprang forward and began to touch the prostrated warriors of the dead Moegnagnongo's band.

As he did so, each one, as his finger rested upon him, became motionless as a statue.

After a few moments some of the savages, whom he had not yet reached, began cautiously to look up; then, to get upon their knees. He rushed forward and touched them. Instantly they became fixed in the attitudes they had assumed.

One seized a spear and was about to hurl it at him; before he could do so the boy was upon him, and he became rigid, with the weapon still uplifted in his hand.

Soon there was not a single one left with the use of his members, all were locked in the unyielding embrace of the strange magnetic power wielded by the daring youth.

When Dan at length saw that his work was complete, he called aloud to Teoo Cava by name.

The king started up and drew near, then, by doing reverence to the young man, gave him to understand that he had only to order to be obeyed.

Dan signed to him to command his men to arise and come forward.

The order was given and instantly obeyed.

He then commanded that the stiffened but still insensible bodies should be put on board the canoes and rowed up the river.

This was done, and all were landed on the plain overlooked by the death-dealing cannons in front of the cavern entrance.

He now called Finnie to his side, and requested that she should act as his interpreter while he conversed with her father. And the reader is to understand that henceforth, until Dan became conversant with the language of Teoo Cava's people, she was the medium through whom he addressed them, and made his wants and wishes known.

The old chieftain waited patiently for him to speak.

Finnie stood at his side ready to do his bidding.

Dan first looked at the beautiful girl, and then turning towards her father, said:

"Teoo Cava, I have made this beautiful island my home. I am the lord and king here. This spot can know no other will than mine. This, then, is what I would say to you:

"Your people must remain here and become my people. I will make them rich and great and powerful and happy. No people shall ever be able to stand up against them. The men of Moegnagnongo shall be their slaves, all the other islands and people around about shall be subject to our will, and Finnie, through whom I now address you, shall be my wife and queen. What say you, Teoo Cava, to this?"

"Great white king, son of the boundless sea," responded Teoo Cava, "your will is henceforth the law with Teoo Cava and all his people. It is with joy that I abdicate all my rights in your favor. It is with supreme happiness that I shall see my beloved daughter your wife and the sharer of your glory. All that is within my power I will do for the upbuilding of your kingdom. Behold! Teoo Cava has said it."

"Good!" exclaimed Dan, seizing the old King's hand and shaking it warmly, "and now let us go to work at once."

"What is your will, O King?" asked Teoo Cava, reverentially.

"First," said Dan, pointing with his finger toward the stiffened forms that lay along the plain, "these men must be taught that, for the present, they are slaves, and as we must immediately prepare for the stormy season that is almost upon us, they must be made to do the hard labor."

He then, as carefully and concisely as possible, unfolded his plans.

They were acted upon at once, and this was what was done

Dan had Teoo Cava pick out for him twenty of his most intelligent men, and each one of these twenty he placed in command of ten others, and to each one of these ten he gave one of the newly-made slaves, who, on being freed from the spell that bound him, was informed of his degraded position. and told that he must implicitly obey the orders of the commander of the squad of ten to which he was assigned, and that at the slightest sign of insubordination he would be put to death.

Then these two hundred slaves were made to procure the materials and erect small but neat and strong houses of bamboo, and to thatch them properly.

And in the course of a few days a beautiful town, with streets running at right angles, and containing almost fifteen hundred people, bond and free, had sprang up on the plain, and lay under the protecting care of the little battery in the clump of trees.

While the capital city was being built Dan had organized another gang of slaves, and so gathered together all those killed and wounded in the late engagement.

The first, for sanitary reasons, were buried; the last were carefully cared for, and many of them, by Dan's help, assisted by the medicine chest, were saved from immediate death and put in a fair way to recover.

CHAPTER X.

THE WEDDING DAY—DAN MAKES A STATUE OF A MURDERING SLAVE.

Dan Graham was now fully acknowledged king of the island and supreme ruler of all Teoo Cava's people. And it was with great satisfaction that he saw he was not only feared but loved by his subjects, who looked upon him as their saviour.

The conquered men he kept busily at work, though he was very careful to see that none of them were ill treated.

He planned many improvements, and some of them he was extremely anxious to have carried out before the severe weather set in.

He wanted a sea-port town to be situated at the head of the bay and mouth of the river, and a first-class road leading from the capital to it.

The road, of course, was the first requisite, and upon this the captives were speedily set at work and a suitable guard was always on hand to look after them.

Finnie was extremely anxious to have her mother come to Bountiful Island, and Dan resolved that her wish should be gratified; but in order to cement the bonds that united him to his people more closely, he determined that his marriage with Finnie should take place first.

She was desirous that the wedding should be postponed until after her mother had arrived; but Dan told her that would be impossible, as he wished to leave her behind as his legal representative, while he himself headed the expedition that should go to fetch her mother.

To this reason the beautiful princess acquiesced, and so the wedding was announced for the next day.

The morning came, and the ceremonies took place in the South Sea Island style—Dan, after mature thought, believing it would be better so.

In the first place the slaves were employed in bringing from different parts of the island, yams, ripe plantains and bananas, cocoanuts, bread fruit, fish and cakes.

These cakes were made of flour prepared from the Mahoa root, mixed up with scraped cocoanut into a paste, and then baked. They are considered by these people as a great luxury.

All these things were piled up on the public square, that Dan had had laid out just below the entrance to the cavern, in four large heaps, with a baked pig on the top of each

The people assembled on the spot, dressed in clean garments, ornamented with wreaths of flowers, and with red ribbons made of the fine membrane of the leaf of the *loacow*, much resembling silk; their persons were anointed with sweet-scented oil.

The spectators seated themselves in two sections of a circle, one beginning from the right, the other from the left of Teoo Cava and the chief men of the people; at their termination stood a dozen picked men on the one side, and a dozen of the most powerful slaves on the other, so as to be opposite each other, both parties being furnished with clubs made of the green branches of the cocoanut tree.

The Island King, who had also armed himself with a cocoanut wood club, stood up among a number of young men whom he had selected as his staff officers.

The bride was now conducted by her female attendants from her father's house.

She was dressed in a beautiful Hamoa mat, that it had required two years to make, and which, of course, had been brought from their own island. The only other garment she wore was a veil of the finest *guatoo*.

She was led into a temporary house that had been erected on the public square for her accommodation, and seated on a chair of state. Here her face, hands and feet were anointed with a mixture of sandal-wood oil and the purest turmeric; after this she remained seated in order to witness the combat that was to ensue between the twelve picked men and the twelve champion slaves.

The two parties being ready, the challenges were given in the following manner: A man from oue side runs over to the opposite party and sits down before it; he then makes a sign to know if any one will engage with him; the person who chooses to accept the challenge comes forward brandishing his club,

when the two combatants proceed to the middle of the circle, each attended by one from his own party to act as second.

They next determine whether they shall fight after the manner of Teoo Cava's people or Moegnagnongo's; the difference of which is, that the last allows a man to beat his antagonist after he is knocked down as long as he perceives signs of motion, while the other only allows him to flourish his club over his fallen foe, and the fight is at an end.

This point being agreed on, the two champions for the applause of the multitude begin to engage. When they have finished another party comes on in the same way. Sometimes there are three or four sets of combatants engaged at the same time. When a man gains a victory his own party gives a shout of approbation, the champion then advances toward the chief who presides at the head of the circle—in this instance Teoo Cava, the bride's father—sits down before him, out of respect, then rises immediately and returns to his own party.

Such was the mode in which these club-fights were conducted. The young king engaged in several of them, and performed great feats of bravery, coming off victorious every time.

It was during one of these fights that he was enabled to prove his tremendous power to his people.

He was engaged with a much stronger man than himself and had all he could do to sustain his reputation for supernatural strength and skill, when suddenly a powerful slave sprang into the circle, over the heads of the reclining people, and rushed upon him with uplifted club.

In an instant Dan struck the club from the hand of his more honorable opponent and then turning, touched with the end of his fingers his treacherous foe.

There he stood in the midst of the circle of wondering spectators, with uplifted club, perfectly paralyzed—a frozen statue.

The awe fell upon all present.

"Take him away," at length ordered the young king, "but mark me, let no harm come to him on this, my wedding day."

A loud cheer greeted these words, and the statue of flesh, still clutching the unused club, was born from the public square, and Dan was more feared and more loved than ever.

The fighting with clubs being over, at a signal from Teoo Cava the boxing and wrestling matches commenced. These lasted for some time, and when they were concluded the Island king and his staff retired to the den to rearrange their toilets.

On being dressed to their satisfaction they returned to the square, where the young men took seats near Teoo Cava and his friends, and Dan went up to his beautiful bride, who was still seated in the little house, and raising her up with his right hand, led her forth upon the square amid the acclamations of the people, who clapped their hands, while the ex-king and the chiefs exclaimed in delight, *malie! malie!* (well done! well done!)

The young people now began to sing the marriage song, while, from time to time, the others uttered loud and long exclamations of joy and satisfaction.

While this singing and these acclamations were going forward, the king led his bride to the bottom of the square with a slow and dignified step, and then returned, amid the same acclamations, into the little house, and reseated her upon her chair of state, after which, with his staff officers, he saluted the president of the day.

A grand dance was now indulged in, during which the bride was conducted to the abode of the bridegroom, in other words, to Daniel's den.

The dance being concluded, the provisions were shared out. A large portion was allotted by the king's order to the slaves, they having, as a general thing, conducted themselves well, and done much of the hard work that had helped to make the occasion a success.

One of the heaps, at an appointed signal, was scrambled for by all who chose to try their speed and dexterity. This last scene afforded great diversion to all the spectators.

The baked pig on the top of the heap was soon brought down and pulled about in a most lively fashion. Speedily it was torn to pieces, and so covered with sand and dirt as to be rendered quite uneatable.

The ceremonies of the morning were now concluded by a general boxing match, two men appointed by Teoo Cava choosing sides.

The sides thus chosen went at it with a will, and the combat was continued until at length one party drove the other off the ground.

The remainder of the day passed amid general mirth and jollity, and when evening came, the house on the public square being brilliantly illuminated, was taken possession of by the king and queen, together with Teoo Cava, all the great chiefs,

and a number of singing girls, most attractively attired; while on the broad, level expanse in front, a native dance was commenced by the young people.

At the end of the first dance, all who had wedding gifts to present, came and laid them at the feet of the bride, and then the dancing went on as before.

After a while a procession, comprising all the people, was formed, and the newly-wedded pair was escorted to their home and there left with every demonstration of good will.

And so ended the ceremonies attending the marriage of Dan Graham, the Island King, to the Princess Finnie, daughter of the once great How, Teoo Cava.

The next morning Dan caused it to be announced that an expedition would speedily set out to reconquer their native island and bring the queen's mother, together with the greater part of the people, to Bountiful Isle.

This announcement was received with the wildest joy, for there was hardly a family on the island that had not in their hasty flight been obliged to leave some of its members behind.

Preparations were at once commenced. Dan only intended taking about two hundred warriors with him, believing that such a force would be quite ample, as he had concluded to take one of the small cannon in his own boat, and had no less than a dozen repeating rifles, which he had instructed the young men forming his guard how to use.

He appointed Queen Finnie regent in his absence, giving her almost unlimited power, and leaving a strong guard of resolute and faithful men for her own protection, and to look after the conquered Moegnagnongoes.

He had little fear, however, that the slaves would attempt to rise or do any mischief while he was away, for they were wholly without arms, and stood in such terrible awe of the pale-faced king, who, by a single touch of his finger could render them absolutely motionless, that they would hardly dare to court his anger and fearful vengeance.

Dan had concluded it would be best to take the old king with him, but he left behind, as chief counselor of state and commander of the queen's body guard, the renowned warrior and statesman, Mafi Habe, a near relative of Teoo Cava, and a firm friend of the new king.

By the following morning the preparations were all com-

pleted, and more than thirty canoes left the shores of Bountiful Isle, on the expedition of conquest and vengeance.

The parting between the young king and his bride of less than two days, was both tender and sad; but they were greatly cheered by the thought that they should soon meet again, after a perfect victory over the enemy, when their joy would be complete.

Teoo Cava sprang into the royal canoe and seated himself beside his son-in-law, with an expression of joy and hope on his face, which was born of the unbounded faith he had in the tremendous power wielded by the youth at his side.

They arrived in sight of their destination, the beautiful island of Cafanga, just at nightfall, and concluded to land under cover of darkness, one of the chiefs offering to pilot the canoes to the safest place for the purpose.

The curtain of night fell, then the long line of canoes slowly approached the shore. Fortunately they struck the beach without having attracted the attention of the enemy.

The disembarkation commenced, and the two hundred warriors having landed, were arranged more after the manner of civilized soldiers than after any system they had ever before followed.

The cannon was got on shore and dragged to a commanding position on a low eminence, then a scout was sent out to reconnoitre the enemy, while at the same time a discreet messenger was sent to their friends.

A half hour passed, the messenger returned, followed by Toc Cava, Finnie's mother, and a great number of the Cafanga people, but not all, many being under the immediate eyes of the Moegnagnongoes, in their principal town and the villages near it.

Soon after this the scout came in and reported that the enemy's town and villages were all quiet, and that only a small number of sentinels were posted.

On learning this Dan sprang to his feet with a smile of satisfaction on his face.

Queen Toe Cava—or Agnes, as we shall more frequently call her—was overwhelmed with joy at the great success of her friends on Bountiful Isle, and when she beheld Dan she threw her arms about his neck and kissed him, calling him, as now in fact he was, her son—her well beloved son.

Dan hastened to explain to her that, as her husband under-

stood English so very imperfectly, and that as he had not his wife with him, he should be compelled to beg that she would remain constantly by his side, in order to make his wants and wishes known to those about him.

She readily consented, and so the reader is now to understand that all orders of the Island King were given, and all communications were made to him, through her.

CHAPTER XI.

QUEEN AGNES—A GREAT VICTORY—THE RESULT.

On hearing the scout's report, Dan's plans were instantly formed.

He ordered his body guard, with their rifles, to advance; then he took one hundred of his warriors, all armed with spears, and placed them in the rear of his guards. Then, leaving Teoo Cava in command of the camp, and with the scout for a guide, he started toward the chief town of the enemy.

In less than twenty minutes they had arrived in the vicinity, and after impressing upon his men the absolute necessity of obeying every order he should give, promptly and implicitly, he went forward, accompanied only by Queen Agnes and the scout.

"Lead us toward the sentinels and point them out to me," said Dan.

The scout conducted them for some distance, and then showed them the first.

Dan motioned for them to stay back, and then cautiously crept toward the man, rising up when he was just behind him, and quickly touching him on the bare back, directly over the spine.

The fellow instantly became rigid as a corpse.

"The next," said Dan, in a whisper, as he turned toward his companions.

He was pointed out.

He, too, was paralyzed, and so on, until there was but two left. Then, as Dan was stealthily creeping forward toward the one nearest him, the other discovered him and gave a shout of warning to his friend.

Instantly the sentinel turned, and by a rapid motion threw his spear full at Dan's breast.

He dodged it, and before the other could reach him with his club had drawn a revolver and fired, point blank, at his head.

The man fell dead at his feet.

But Dan's hope of gaining possession of the town without alarming the inhabitants was now at an end, for not only had the ringing report of tne revolver served to rouse the people, but the wild cries of the other sentinel had effectually put them on their guard.

"Order up my riflemen, and tell the other warriors to be prepared to come to my assistance at an instant's notice," exclaimed Dan, excitedly.

The scout hastened away.

A moment later up came the guard, with rifles ready for instant use.

"Now," said Dan, addressing the riflemen, through his interpreter, "don't waste a single shot, and kill none but men. Save all the women and children. If a woman becomes troublesome point her out to me, and I'll quiet her."

They now marched boldly into the town, which was fairly alive with hurrying people and ablaze with flaming torches.

Suddenly the enemy discovered them.

With a yell they rushed forward.

"Fire!" exclaimed the island king.

The twelve rifles rang out, as did also Dan's revolver.

Thirteen savages fell never to rise again.

With a loud cry of consternation all the others dropped upon their faces.

Instantly Dan was upon them and had touched no less than twenty before any attempted to rise. Then as the others started to their feet he ordered his guard to fire again, and precisely the same result followed as before.

By this time the Moegnagnongoes were almost dead with terror—appalled, and Dan saw that his spearsmen could do good work, so he ordered them to advance, and as they came up, to charge.

In less than fifteen minutes the town was in full possession of the king and his little band.

The result of the brief engagement was as follows:

The enemy had lost fifty-seven killed, eighty-two wounded, and ninety men and three hundred and fifty-four women taken prisoners.

Dan's losses were, one severely and one slightly wounded.

He immediately made the town his headquarters, and sent an order for Teoo Cava and the one hundred spearsmen under his

command, together with all the Cafangas, to repair there at once. In less than an hour they had arrived.

This victory was a terrible blow to the Moegnagnongoes, and rendered Dan's ultimate success almost certain; for he had already killed or captured more than half of the enemy's warriors, and had a large number of their women and children in his power.

He now, after sending out half a dozen scouts to watch the demoralized Moegnagnongoes, calmly waited for the morning.

The scouts reported before daylight that the enemy had deserted all their villages and withdrawn into the mountainous country at the northern end of the island.

After careful thought, Dan summoned a council of war.

The council consisted, besides himself, of Teoo Cava, the queen, Toe Cava, all of the chiefs and nobles, and the members of his staff.

It was now decided that, as their forces now consisted of more than eight hundred men, while the enemy had no more than two hundred, it would be best to send at least one hundred men to Queen Finnie, together with all the women and children they had taken prisoners, and to permit as many as a hundred other Cafangos, whose friends were at Bountiful Isle, to go with them. Thus the king would be relieved of the care of so many prisoners, while at the same time Finnie would be more strongly protected.

During the morning this decision of the council was carried into effect, and a grand total of five hundred and sixty-four people left the island, two hundred and ten of whom were Cafangos.

The canoes that carried these persons also carried vast quantities of stores, which would add materially to the comfort and well being of the inhabitants of Bountiful Isle.

When all this had transpired, Dan set about reducing the remainder of the Moegnagnongoes to subjection.

With four hundred and twelve men, including the two hundred spearmen and his guard of riflemen, he moved toward the north.

It was past three o'clock before he arrived in the mountain country and the vicinity of the enemy.

He found that a portion of them had taken possession of a narrow pass, through which his little army of warriors must of necessity advance in order to reach their retreat beyond.

He saw at a glance what their tactics would be, and so he immediately ordered the cannon to be stationed on a little knoll commanding the passage.

When all was ready he ordered a company of spearmen to advance.

Almost instantly the enemy discovered themselves, and began to throw spears and shoot arrows at the solid column of advancing Cafangas.

Then, with a loud voice, Dan ordered his men to fall upon their faces.

He was promptly obeyed.

The next moment the cannon belched forth its fire and death-dealing iron hail.

With a wild yell of horror at the sight and sound, those of the enemy who had not been mowed down, either fell flat upon their faces or fled in wild terror.

Dan, springing forward, touched every one who remained prostrate. Then he ordered an immediate advance.

This command was so promptly obeyed that the Cafangas were enabled to capture one hundred and seventeen women and children, who were found in a secluded spot at some distance beyond the pass.

The net result of this brief engagement was: Of the enemy, seventeen men killed and nineteen wounded, besides twenty-four men and the women and children already mentioned, taken prisoners.

Of Dan's forces one was killed by an arrow, and two others were wounded, neither of them dangerously, however.

It was now almost night, and the young king deemed it better not to push forward until morning, so his forces encamped on the spot where the women and children had been captured.

Dan was now quite confident of an easy victory on the morrow, for he well knew that, whereas his own available force of fighting men numbered seven hundred, the enemy could not muster more than one hundred and fifty at most.

The wounded and prisoners were sent back to the principal town under a strong guard, while the little army pushed forward into the country occupied by the enemy.

An hour later, as they were making their way up a somewhat steep ascent, a shower of stones, arrows and spears were rained down upon them. Several were quite seriously but none fatally injured.

Dan quickly spied out the enemy, and calling his riflemen about him, he ordered them to dislodge the troublesome fellows.

Immediately the dozen rifles rang out, and down came seven men, rolling over and over in their descent.

The others, seeing the terrible fate of their companions, fled with cries of horror. The Cafangas were no more annoyed in making the ascent.

When they reached the top they discovered two more of the enemy—one dead, and the other badly wounded.

Dan now called a halt, and sent forward two or three scouts.

In a short time they returned, and declared the enemy to be intrenched in the shallow crater of an extinct volcano, but a little way ahead.

Dan ordered his men to advance. A little later they arrived in sight of the extinct volcano.

The young king looked about him. He saw another and higher peak at a short distance from the one occupied by the foe.

He instantly resolved to take possession of it.

In rapid tones he ordered his men to surround the enemy's position, while he and a few picked men got the gun into position on the neighboring eminence.

It was easy to see that the Moegnagnongoes looked on with astonishment while Dan and his Cafangas dragged the cannon to the top of the hill.

At first they regarded the movement passively; but suddenly, conceiving that it meant danger to themselves, they began to hurl darts and arrows at the artillery men.

Instantly the rifle guard began their work, and whenever a head appeared above the jagged edge of the crater, a leaden messenger found lodgment in the skull, so that soon no more arose, and then the cannon was mounted without further difficulty.

From Dan's exalted position he could look right down into the crater. On the one hand he saw more than twelve hundred women and children, on the other, less than one hundred and fifty men.

Dan requested one of his staff officers to order the enemy to surrender at once, and to warn them that in case they did not they would instantly be put to death.

The message was delivered.

The Moegnagnongoes refused to listen.

The cannon was charged with a ball, and then grape and cannister were added.

Dan sighted the piece, then, after giving instructions how to fire it, hurried down the eminence and drew near the enemy's position.

The time had come.

He elevated his hand.

Whang! rang out the cannon, and then an awful, an appalling cry arose upon the air.

"Forward!" fairly yelled Dan, and at the head of his warriors he rushed over the edge of the crater, into the natural fortress below.

There was not a single human being on his or her feet; they had all fallen as though they had been struck down by lightning, and there was little difficulty in securing every one.

In ten minutes, without firing another shot, the last of the enemy had submitted.

Twenty-seven had been killed and about as many more wounded, so that now Dan found himself, in wounded and prisoners, with not less than three hundred men on his hands, together with more than thirteen hundred and fifty women and children.

Being most anxious to return to Bountiful Isle, in order once more to clasp his loving wife to his heart, he determined to lose no time in settling matters at Cafanga.

In the first place he selected Tooba Nuba, a kinsman of his father-in-law, and a just man, to be governor of the island.

Then he requested him to designate four hundred Cafangas, whose interests would be most likely to suffer by being withdrawn from the island, and also to set apart their families. This left more than one thousand loyal people at Cafanga.

To these were added three hundred of the enemy's warriors, and something more than six hundred women and children, so that the island would still have nearly two thousand inhabitants after the others had departed.

The young king now carefully instructed Tooba Nuba as to what he desired his policy of government to be.

He told him that he was most anxious a good feeling should be established between the victors and vanquished; that intermarriages should take place, that the island should be brought to as high a state of cultivation as possible, and that an onward

and upward progress should be inaugurated that should speedily tend to elevate and benefit all the people.

He then pointed out to him the fact that, after his departure with those going with him, there would be a discrepancy between the number of mature males and females, but stated that, as it was necessary for the success of his plans at Bountiful Isle, he was compelled to take all the women that could be spared with him, and further, that he dare not let the conquered people outnumber the others at Cafanga.

But he further said that he thought from what he had been able to learn that an arrangement could be made with a certain neighboring island, which had a vast excess of females, to allow, say one or two hundred of them, to be brought to Cafanga.

Tooba Nuba warmly promised to do his best to carry out the king's views in this as well as in all other matters, and after taking him one side, and, through Queen Agnes, communicating certain secret information, Dan, with the old king and queen, his brave little army, and all the rest that were to go with him, departed for Bountiful Isle.

CHAPTER XII.

THE RAINY SEASON—BOUNTIFUL ISLE AND CAFANGA CONNECTED BY TELEGRAPH—ANOTHER WAR.

A grand reception awaited the Island King and his victorious little army on their arrival, and two whole days were given up to the wildest kind of enjoyment. But of all the happy ones on that happy isle none felt their hearts so filled and overflowing with joy as Dan and his little wife, Finnie.

After the two days of rejoicing were over, Dan felt that work ought to be commenced in dead earnest; but now suddenly came signs that the rainy season was about fairly set in, and so, only such temporary shelter as could quickly be prepared were got ready for the increased inhabitants. This task having been accomplished, and all the new comers comfortably housed, the settlers prepared themselves to wait patiently until the fine weather should come round again.

But King Dan was neither idle himself nor did he permit all the others to remain in idleness. He found much that could be accomplished, even on a very rainy day, and the result of this thoughtfulness told greatly on the future.

For his own part, he had discovered a large quantity of wire cable that had been landed from the wreck. It had been shipped to go to Japan, and had been intended to connect one of the Japanese islands with another. It was now destined to another purpose.

"Ah!" exclaimed Dan emphatically, as he carefully examined it, "I will make good use of this as soon as the fine weather comes," and then he went to work to construct a number of telegraphic apparatus. This occupied much of his time, but not all, and the boy's brain fairly teemed with projects that were to come to maturity within a few short months.

The rainy season continued with hardly a break for sixteen weeks, and then came some of the most lovely days that Dan had ever seen.

Among the very first things he did, after it was possible to do anything, was to send to Cafanga, in order to see how Tooba Nuba's government was getting on, and to bring back a quantity of pigs and other live stock, the supply on Bountiful Isle being exceeding small in proportion to the number of inhabitants.

The most cheering reports were brought back. Everything was going on well, in fact, better than could have been expected.

The conquered people had all quietly submitted to the new order of things, and were making no trouble whatsoever; evidently they stood in wholesome awe of the white warrior with his thunder and lightning, and they did not care to feel the touch of his hand.

Dan now prepared a fleet of canoes, into which the wire cable was conveyed, and then they started, leaving one end fastened to the shore, he himself superintending the paying out.

Two days later Bountiful Island was in telegraphic communication with Cafanga, and young Hala Api, the son of a chief and a great friend of Dan, and whom, during the long winter months, he had instructed in telegraphy, was appointed operator at Cafanga.

This was a very great achievement for Dan, and was of vast advantage to him. It brought him into instantaneous communication with the other island and made the superstitious people more than ever look upon him as a demi-god.

They knew, of course, that he had fastened a cable from one island to the other, but they had a sort of dim notion that it was to keep the other islands from running away or floating off. How their king could know in an instant what had been going on at Cafanga the moment before they could not understand. and of course neither Dan nor his friend, Hala Api, ever told them.

There was another thing of great importance that the Island King had accomplished during the long rainy season. With most indefatigable industry, and with his loving wife and Queen Agnes for teachers, he had acquired a very fair knowledge of the language spoken by the Cafangas, so that now the greatest of his difficulties was done away with.

Work was speedily commenced on the seaport town at the head of Grand bay, where the river emptied into it, and here Dan determined that at least a thousand people should settle.

This town he named Ramsdell, in honor of his beloved cap-

tain, while the capital, up the river and near the den, he called Finnieville, in honor of his wife.

About ten days after the laying of the cable had been completed, and while the work of building Ramsdell was still going forward, a despatch was received, stating that two hundred and seventy young women and some sixty others had arrived at Cafanga from the over-crowded island of Tonoomea, and that more than two hundred and fifty others were on their way to Bountiful Island.

The governor further reported that there had been only three deaths at Cafanga during the past four or five months, but a great many births, and that therefore, with the new accessions, the Islanders now numbered not less than two thousand two hundred and seventy-five.

A day later the two hundred and fifty Tonoomeans mentioned in the dispatch arrived at Bountiful Isle, and were speedily dispersed among the people.

This accession raised the number of inhabitants to above thirty-four hundred, so that the whole number of people over whom the boy king reigned was more than five thousand and seven hundred.

But, as Dan's power had increased, so had his ambition, and he was now bent upon extending his sway over all the islands forming the group of which the two that acknowledged his authority were a part.

But he justly conceived that in order to do this he must be very strong and powerful at home, and the first step in this direction was to make Bountiful Island as productive as possible.

To accomplish so desirable a purpose he divided the island into ten districts, and to each district he gave a chief; then the districts were divided into twenty or more plantations, and these were allotted to loyal and well-disposed citizens, to each of whom a number of subjugated people were assigned.

In this way the inhabitants were pretty well scattered over the island, and while there were many villages, there were but two considerable towns.

Soon Dan saw with joy that many times more produce was being raised than could be disposed of by the present inhabitants, and that the time for which he had waited had come.

Seven months had already passed since he had been made king, and it was almost eight months since his white friends

had left him alone on the banks of the river and sailed away, to be gone only a week.

What wonders had been accomplished since then!

Dan called a council of war, to assemble at the capital on a fixed day.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ARMY OF THE ISLAND KING—THE EXPEDITION AGAINST MANGO.

About eight and a half miles southeast of Cafanga, and a little nearer than that island to Bountiful Isle, was the island of Mango. It was not quite so large as either of its neighbors, but much more densely populated.

It had, until within a few years, formed a part of Teoo Cava's kingdom; but being incited by a turbulent chief to rebel, the people had at last established their independence.

With this they ought to have been contented, but it was not so. Seeing how easily they had gained so much they wanted more. They equipped depredatory expeditions, sending out sometimes as many as forty or fifty canoes at once. They began on thier weaker neighbors, landing on their coasts and carrying off everything of value they could lay their hands on, including yams, bread-fruit, live stocks, and sometimes even young women. These last they would capture while they were in bathing, and get out to sea with them before they were missed by their friends.

They had begun to trouble the Cafangans before the Moegnagnongoes had come and taken possession of their island. After that they left them alone. But now, suddenly, they had commenced their depredations again, and within the past few weeks Dan had received information that stores of great value had either been carried off or destroyed, and that three women and two children were missing.

The council of war assembled, and the first thing that was fully determined was, that war should be made upon Mango without delay.

This matter being settled, the Island King began to make extensive preparations for the struggle.

When we say that the Island King made extensive preparations for the conquest of Mango, we mean just that and no less.

Five companies were organized, four of which were com-

posed of one hundred men each, and all armed with long, pointed spears.

The fifth company was of course, smaller, being armed with the muskets that had been taken from the old "Bay State." It required both time and practice to bring these men up to a proper standard of perfection; but it was done at last, and well done, so that Dan felt justly proud of his company of musketeers, as he decided to call them.

All of these five companies were drilled in the tactics practiced by the national guards of the United States, and with which Dan was quite familiar, he having been instructed therein while at school the winter before he left New England.

The main point was to teach them to keep together under any and all circumstances; to have them fully understand that they must fall upon the foe in a solid column, as one man, and to repel the enemy without breaking.

To familiarize them with this all-important feature he got up sham battles, using staffs instead of spears and muskets. His warriors took to this sort of training wonderfully, and became so eager in the contests that although their weapons were blunt, there was many a disabled soldier before the fights were over.

In addition to these companies Dan had his rifle guardsmen, which had done him such good service at Cafanga, and his artillerymen, whom he had trained to work the cannons.

Feeling at last that his little army was almost invincible, he announced the day for departure.

The morning came and the embarkation commenced.

It was a grand scene, a splendid spectacle. Nothing like it had ever been witnessed in the South Seas before.

There was no disorder, everything went on like clockwork. The troops marched down to the canoes like veterans, in fact, with the regular tramp, tramp of old soldiers.

No non-combatants, excepting a squad designated the canoe guard, were permitted to take part in the expedition.

The duties of this guard were to row the canoes, and then, when the troops had been landed, to watch and hold themselves responsible for them.

This time Teoo Cava did not accompany his son-in-law. His health had not been good of late, and his wife urged him to remain behind. So Dan included him in the regency with Queen Finnie, and left Mafi Habe as chief counselor of state and commander of the royal guard, as before.

Only the two smaller cannons were taken, the larger gun was never removed from its position in front of the cavern, where it had been placed by order of Captain Ramsdell, who little thought its duty was soon to be to protect the portal of a royal palace.

As the long line of canoes dropped down the river the twelve pounder rang out a royal salute, which, by order of the king, was answered by the two pieces in the fleet.

Soon they had turned a bend in the river, and Finnieville was no longer in sight. Then they passed Ramsdell at the river's mouth and entered the broad bay. Soon they emerged into the sea beyond, and then laid their course for the island of their destination.

Just as they were passing out of the bay, Dan looked back at the lookout, where he had stood for the first time with his beloved captain and Mr. Norton, and where, later, he was standing when he first beheld those who were now his bondsmen in hot pursuit of those who had become his loving subjects. He saw his own beautiful wife, Finnie, the old king, her father, Queen Agnes and Mafi Habe, together with many others.

By the aid of the powerful glass which he always carried with him he could make them all out, and could see that they were waving him their adieus and good wishes.

He returned their salutes, and continued to gaze at them so long as they remained in sight; but speedily an eminence interposed and he could see them no more.

It was yet early in the afternoon when they arrived in sight of Mango, and as they drew nearer the shore they saw that their coming created a profound surprise if not consternation.

It was hardly to be expected that Dan's fleet, which consisted of but twenty-five canoes, and a trifle less than five hundred warriors, should greatly alarm a people who numbered some hundreds over five thousand; but at the same time they must have understood that the approaching foe meant business, for they came right on boldly, as though they had not the slightest doubt of what the ultimate result was to be.

And this was indeed the truth, and herein lay, in a great measure, the secret of Dan's success. He had taught his warriors to believe that just so long as he was their king and leader just so long were they absolutely invincible.

Onward swept the canoes in a double line, and now they drew near to the shore, which was densely crowded with the indignant Mangoens. Suddenly the double line opened, and the royal canoe, containing one of the cannons in its bows, and the rifle guardsmen, swept to the front.

Dan, dressed in his most gorgeous uniform, and with a drawn sword in his hand, was standing erect amidships.

The Mangoens beheld him with profound astonishment not unmixed with awe.

Dan waved his hand to indicate that he was about to speak. All instantly became silent to listen.

"Men of Mango," began the king, "listen to what I have to say. You were once the faithful and loving subjects of the great and good king Teoo Cava, and all that an indulgent father

could do for his children the good king did for you. Then the wicked and turbulent chief, Lolo Hea, incited you to rebellion. You raised your regicidal hand against your king. In grief at last he let you go; but you were not satisfied—you became robbers and abductors of women. In other and greater troubles that came to Teoo Cava your sins were overlooked, and might have been forgiven; but lo! you have again commenced your misdeeds when you thought none were at hand to punish you. What mischief you have wrought on the island of Cafanga during the past few weeks I need not now recapitulate—your own consciences will call them to your minds. But now we have come for retribution, and this is the judgement pronounced against you:

"First, your independence must be given up; you have proved yourselves unworthy of it; you must again become a part of the kingdom that was once Teoo Cava's, but which is now governed by his daughter Finnie and her consort, the white king. They will appoint a governor of their own selection to rule over you.

"Lolo Hea and all the turbulent chiefs must be given up to the punishment they so justly deserve, and such other punishments as your new king and queen see fit to inflict you must patiently submit to."

After the conclusion of these remarks there was a deep, a profound silence, which seemed to affect all alike. The fact was, these men had heard something about the white king from the young women they had stolen, and now that they saw him before them, and heard his voice, they trembled.

"Well, what say you, men of Mango, will you submit peacefully, or shall we let loose our thunder and lightning upon you?"

Some were for giving in at once, others were anxious to slink away; but suddenly a voice arose that turned them to another course.

"What ho! men of Mango," cried the voice, "you who have thoroughly whipped the great How, Teoo Cava, are you afraid of this puny, white-livered boy? Upon them! Destroy the audacious wretches!"

It was Lolo Hea himself that spoke, and the effects of his words were instantaneous.

With a wild yell the Mangoens rushed into the water and began an attack, with spears and arrows, upon the canoes.

"Lolo Hea has sealed his own doom," exclaimed Dan, fiercely. "Ay, and I fear the doom of many another and better man besides. Sight the cannon, gunner. Rifle guard, prepare to fire."

A great number of the Mangoens were now within less than forty feet of the royal canoe.

"Rifle guard, take steady aim," cried Dan, "don't throw away a single shot. Fire!"

The twelve rifles rang out, where such a sound was never heard before, and twelve Mangoens fell forward into the water, either dead or dying.

The great concourse along the shore heard the report and

saw their friends fell with consternation and horror. Some fell flat upon their faces, but not many; they seemed bewildered, and for a time, powerless of motion.

Dan now noticed that in the line of the cannon there was a dense mass of humanity, and he quickly thought that if by one tremendous blow he could uterly appall them, perhaps it would be a great saving of bloodshed in the end. So, turning to the gunner, he said in a firm voice—

"Fire!"

The cannon had been heavily charged. The report was tremendous—deafening, and the ball and small shot mowed down the Mangoens by tens and twenties.

Now, as the smoke cleared away, there was not a man on his feet.

"Prepare to load," roared Dan, "and take possession of yonder hill."

The royal canoe was the first to touch the shore, and Dan was the first to put his foot upon it.

In less than three minutes he had touched with his finger no less than fifty men, and rendered them without motion.

By this time the other boats had come up, and the warriors had disembarked and formed on the shore, those with guns being in the van.

But before the cannons could be got on shore Lolo Hea and his chiefs had recovered from their fright and were again on their feet. Then the rebel chief in a loud voice called upon the Mangoens to arise and defend themselves against the invaders.

The Mangoens sprang up, and instantly the battle commenced.

Dan called upon one of his aids to order the artillerymen to pay no attention to the fight but to get the pieces into position on the hill as quick as possible. He then detailed the rifle-guard to cover their movements while they were at the work. He then ordered the musketeers to advance and fire.

More than a score of the enemy fell at the first discharge, and soon the fight grew warm. At length Dan saw that the foe were becoming demoralized and then he ordered the spearmen to charge.

They executed the movement in excellent style and drove the enemy before them, slaying no less than thirty, and this without the loss of a man.

Dan's plan was not to follow up the foe at this time, and so he recalled his troops and secured his position on the hill. The canoes were also looked to, being drawn up and carefully cared for.

Then Dan ordered the dead and wounded of the enemy to be collected and the prisoners to be confined in some place of safety. He also ordered that a careful report should be made.

He was also dumbfounded when he heard it.

It was as follows:

Of the enemy, ninety-four killed, one hundred and six wounded and sixty-two prisoners.

His own loss were—none killed, five wounded. And he had

secured a splendid harbor, and, with his cannons to defend it, an impregnable position from which to operate.

Of the one hundred and six wounded Mangoens, forty-three were only slightly disabled, and Dan resolved to send them with the other prisoners and his own wounded to Bountiful Island at once.

He did so, with the order that they should be distributed among the plantations, and carefully watched by the chiefs of the districts to which they were assigned.

The rest, being likely to die, he sent to the nearest village of the enemy, along with their dead.

It was the best move he could have made. This village contained some four hundred and fifty inhabitants, and at sight of what the great white How had accomplished in a few brief moments, they—not having Lolo Hea there to influence them—at once submitted to Dan's authority and took the oath of allegiance.

This was a long stride in the right direction, and Dan was just the boy to take the greatest advantage of it.

Of the four hundred and fifty that submitted to his will, eighty-four were able-bodied men, and these he at once took into his service, distributing them among the four companies, so that they would all the time have many watchful and jealous eyes upon them.

Our young king, you see, was an observing lad. He had read the life of Frederick the Great, and knew how to reduce to practice what he had read.

Dan now moved his headquarters to the village that had so promptly acknowledged him, and in two days every person belonging to the place was his friend. Indeed, he had no more loyal subjects in the town of Finnieville itself than those about him here.

On the morning of the third day he was informed that a number of women, from a village some five miles away, wished to speak to him.

They were admitted at once, and requested to state their business.

They informed the king that their husbands were among those prisoners who had been sent to Bountiful Island, and earnestly begged that they might be permitted to join them with their children.

Dan cheerfully granted the permission, and caused it to be announced that all those who wished to join their friends on Bountiful Island could do so, and that a fleet of canoes would set out for their accommodation the next morning.

The five canoes that had taken over the captives had returned, bringing with them Togi Oomoo, who had been chief of the second district, and who had proved himself a competent and faithful man in that capacity.

Him Dan had sent for in order to have him take charge of the territory already conquered, and with the ultimate view of his becoming governor of the whole island.

Togi also brought all the members of his family and staff with him, and prepared for business at once.

He took up his headquarters in a house that was assigned him in the loyal village, and entered upon his duties.

The next morning two hundred and thirty-eight women and children presented themselves to be transported to Bountiful Isle, in order that they might join their loved ones there.

They were sent in twelve canoes, which also conveyed all their worldly effects, and a part of the eighty-four volvuntecr Mangoens acted as oarsmen

The next morning the canoes returned, but without the Mangoen oarsmen. They were so pleased with the beautiful island, and the contented, happy looking people, that they begged to be permitted to remain. Their wish was granted, and they were assigned plantations of their own in the first district, and were granted equal rights with other citizens. They sent a request to the king that their families might be permitted to join them, and Togi Oomoo sent them over the next day.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE NIGHT ATTACK—THE REPULSE.

Thus it was that no less than one hundred and nineteen wellf disposed people and friendly to the king became citizens o- Bountiful Island.

The following night was one of bloodshed and horror.

Dan and his little army had now been almost a week at Mango, and by adop.ing a mild and conciliatory course had made hosts of friends. Indeed, family after family had come into the village occupied as headquarters, and submitted to his authority; and the places made vacant in the companies by the Mangoens remaining at Bountiful Island were more than made good by new volunteers. In fact, the spearmen now numbered fully five hundred, and Dan had, that very day, made five companies out of the four, and given them a sort of battalion organization, promoting the most deserving captain to the command, and advancing others who had proved themselves worthy.

For two whole days he had heard nothing of Lolo Hea, and only knew that with all his forces he had retreated to the south.

Dan's plan now was, through his provisional government, to induce the people of the northern part of the island to peacefully submit to his sway.

He had resolved the next morning, by the advice of Togi, to occupy a friendly village a little more than two miles south of the headquarters; but when the next morning came there was no need of it.

It was a little past midnight, Dan was sleeping with his faithful rifle-guard about him, when suddenly he was aroused by the most appalling sounds he had ever heard.

As he sprang to his feet in trembling consternation, the cries without resolved themselves into intelligent words like these—

"Murder! murder! fire! Oh, help! help, great king!" Then an instant later: "Oh! come to our aid, good white How, for Lolo Hea and his demons be upon us."

Dan has not undressed when he lay down, and so now, before any of his guards were astir, he had buckled on his sword, thrust a brace of revolvers into his belt, and was in the street, where, however, almost instantly, the guards joined him.

A sickening sight met their eyes.

Half a dozen or more houses, at the southern end of the street, were in flames. Men, women and children were being cut down on every hand, and Lolo Hea's people were flying hither and thither with flaming torches in one hand and clubs or spears in the other.

"Toko," cried Dan to one of his aids, "order up the cannons. Ahlo"—to another—"bring up the musketeers."

In less than four minutes up came the musketeers in splendid style, and then a murderous fire commenced.

Meantime the battalion of spearmen were getting under arms.

Soon the Mangoens gave up their wanton destruction of property and their horrible murders of defenseless women and children, in order to defend themselves.

Within ten minutes from the time the musketeers had advanced to the charge the enemy had been driven outside the village, and now up came the twin cannons, splendidly mounted and drawn by the trained artillerymen.

"Unlimber!"

The order was obeyed like a flash of lightning.

"Ready!"

Eagerly the guns were sighted.

"Fire!" and the two spiteful pieces vomited forth their charges of fire and death.

It was a terrible vengeance. The enemy were upon a broad and level plain, with no cover of any kind to screen them for a considerable distance; so that they were almost wholly at the mercy of the avengers, who were disposed to show but little mercy.

Again and again the cannons rang out, and always to a terrible purpose. Not a charge was lost.

At length the firing ceased. The enemy was in full retreat.

And now up came the battalion of spearmen, fresh and ready, a hundred of them being the husbands, fathers or brothers of the women and children slain.

Dan saw that they were eager for the fray, and so he gave the command:

"Remember! keep well together. Charge!" and away went the five hundred on their mission of vengeance and destruction.

Dan quickly followed with his guard.

In a little while a portion of the fugitives were overtaken and swept down like ripened grain before the reaper's hook.

In less than half an hour not a single Mangoen was to be discovered anywhere; all were either dead, dying or captured, or had managed to make good their escape.

Morning came, and the beautiful village of yesterday presented a truly sickening sight. Dan could have wept for the sorrow that he saw about him on every hand, but he knew that for the sake of others he must remain firm and strong.

He immediately ordered an exact report to be made out and handed to him.

In less than two hours he had received it.

It was a startling document.

Of the enemy, two hundred and nine had been killed, three hundred and twelve wounded, and nine chiefs and four hundred and fourteen warriors taken prisoners.

Of his own force seven were dead and eleven wounded; and of the citizens, including women and children, nineteen had been murdered and some thirty-four more or less injured.

Of the seven of his men who were killed, four were sentinels; and Lolo Hea's men had crawled up as near as possible, under cover of the darkness, and then dispatched them with arrows, thus gaining an entrance into the village without arousing the soldiers or citizens.

Dan ordered the nine chiefs to be tried at once by court-martial. Five of them were found guilty of various crimes, including the wanton murder of defenceless women and children in the dead of night, and these were executed without delay; the other four were held as close prisoners.

Two hundred and fourteen of the warriors captured at this time were sent with their families to Toobo Nuba, at Cafanga, and the remainder, including such of the wounded as were likely to recover, were despatched to Bountiful Isle, their families, in most instances, accompanying them.

The direct result of this terrible night's work was, that considerably more than half of the island submitted to Dan's authority the very next day. And Togi Oomoo at once commenced to partition it out into districts and plantations, on the model of Bountiful Island.

More than twelve hundred people were now removed to the island of the central government, and a hundred of the most loyal Cafangans were brought over to assist in the reconstruction of Mango.

About a week after the attack on the king's headquarters another and severe battle took place, and Lolo Hea, with his few remaining followers, was driven into the extreme south-western corner of the island, and now nearly three-fourths of the territory was in Dan's hands.

Another week had passed. Wonders had been wrought in Mango in that time.

Dan had been duly proclaimed king, and had been solemnly acknowledged as such by more than three-fourths of the people of the island.

Togi Oomoo had been duly installed as governor, and had formed other districts and plantations and had them well in hand.

More than this, Mango had been united with Cafanga by cable, and so Dan was in almost instantaneous communication with his wife, who, by the way, now understood telegraphy nearly as well as himself.

Dan was now most anxious to return home. There were many reasons why he desired to be at Bountiful Island again.

In the first place, it was nearly a month since he had left its

shores. There were public roads that he wished to lay out. He desired to found another large town, on the northern coast. He desired to establish telegraphic communication with the chiefs of all his districts, and perhaps, more than all, he was anxious to set about building a small schooner, the model of which he had long since planned in his mind.

But there was one thing that hindered him from leaving Mango. Lolo Hea, with not less than one hundred and fifty men, still held out, although he was closely hemmed into one little corner of the island.

Dan resolved to move against him the next day with the greater part of his forces.

While he was making his final arrangements for the march, some twenty odd of Lolo's men came within his lines and gave themselves up.

They reported their chief's situation as desperate. They said that he would quit the island and seek refuge elsewhere, but that he was wholly without canoes, or the means of procuring them.

The morning came. Dan's forces moved forward.

They advanced rapidly into the territory occupied by the terrible chief. Closer and closer Dan's lines were drawn about him.

At length the inevitable moment came. He must fight or surrender.

The enemy had taken up a position on a jutting rock, overhanging the sea.

Dan took it all in. He saw that without the utmost precaution he should lose many men in capturing the heights, and that even then Lolo and his warriors might escape by throwing themselves into the sea.

He stationed a dozen musketeers under the rock on that side, with strict orders to shoot down everyone who leaped into the sea and attempted to escape. Then sending the rifle-guard about half way up the height, he ordered them to shoot any who should undertake to obstruct the progress of the troops.

Then the order to make the ascent was given.

Not a soul appeared on the heights above until the spearmen had accomplished fully two-thirds of the distance. Then more than twenty rushed forward with heavy masses of rocks to hurl down upon the advancing foe.

But the rifle guard were ready. Like lightning they took aim and fired.

Nine of the twenty fell, most of them toppling over the edge of the cliff and rolling down among the struggling spearmen.

The others, seeing the fate of their companions, retreated, and the spearmen without further trouble gained the summit.

Then Dan's wisdom and forethought was quickly rewarded, for no less than thirty of the baffled Mangoens, seeing that all hope was lost, sprang into the sea.

But it availed them nothing. There was their ever-presen enemy waiting to receive them.

They saw no way of escape open, and so, on being ordered ashore, they quickly came and delivered themselves up, only

two refusing to do so, and these were instantly sent to their final accounts.

On top of the rock a striking scene was enacted.

The remnant of Lolo Hea's men, seeing it was useless to struggle longer, surrendered. He alone standing out.

"Where is the great white How?" he asked, "It is to him only that Lolo Hea will give himself up."

Dan at once advanced.

Lolo saw him, and with an exultant shout, sprang forward.

He held in his uplifted hand a terrible weapon—a knife made of a shell, and sharp as a razor.

He reached his mortal enemy. The blade descended; but it did not reach the heart for which it was intended.

Dan, quick as lightning grasped his wrist, and then with his forefinger touched the pulse As he did so the blood seemed to freeze up in the chieftain's veins and he became a living, breathing but helpless statue!

"Now," exclaimed Dan, joyously, "the victory is complete. Let each of these haughty chieftain warriors behold his leader, and learn how dangerous a thing it is to defy the power of the great white How."

The captured Mangoens were led up. They looked, they felt, they carefully examined the motionless body of Lolo Hea, and then, with superstitious cries of terror, they fell at Dan's feet and hailed him as a God!

That was a moment of supreme triumph for Dan, not because the men about him believed him to be more than human, but because, although yet but little more than a boy, he had, by his indomitable will and perseverance overcome tremendous difficulties, and now found himself the undisputed king—the absolute monarch of three beautiful islands, and with thousands about him ready, at an instant's bidding, to obey his slightest wish.

And all this had been accomplished in the space of a few brief months!

CHAPTER XV.

DEATH OF LOLO HEA—AT WORK ON THE SCHOONER—BIRTH OF A PRINCE.

The beautiful and fruitful island of Mango was now wholly subjected to the sway of the Island King, and Dan, feeling perfectly satisfied that his governor, Togi Oowoo, could reduce everything to order without his further assistance, resolved to leave the island as speedily as possible, and after a brief visit to Cafanga, to hasten home.

But first there was the bloody and rebellious chief to dispose of. What should be done with him?

The king laid the matter before his council, and they having decided, he submitted their decision to the people for their approval.

It was determined that he should perish after the true South Sea Island fashion. That is, that he should be placed in a leaky

canoe and bound there. Then that he should be towed far out to sea and there permitted to sink beneath the waves.

This sentence was duly carried out.

An old canoe was procured, and after its gaping seams had been temporarily calked, the stiffened form of the bloodthirsty chief was placed in it and securely bound. Then it was launched upon the deep.

More than a thousand men, in fifty war canoes, started out to see the last of Lolo Hea.

The royal canoe, containing King Dan and his staff, headed the line.

They took the direction toward Cafanga, and when about two miles from shore the calking was taken from the seams of the old canoe and the water permitted to rush in upon the doomed chief. At that moment Dan, whose canoe had also come along side, touched the death-like form, and instantly the victim revived and sat up.

In an instant he comprehended his fate. He saw the water gradually filling his frail craft; he saw the canoes about him, the sky above him, the sea around him; he saw everything, but he did not see a single sign of pity anywhere.

For an instant he essayed to speak, but at once comprehending the utter uselessness of words, remained silent.

Steadily and surely the waters arose in the canoe, and lower and lower it sank in the bosom of the wave. The fifty war canoes had formed a circle about the doomed chief, but not a sound was heard, not a voice arose on the air; all eyes, all thoughts were fixed on Lolo Hea.

Presently the canoe had sank to the level of its gunwales, then the tide rushed in, then tt gave a sudden lurch forward, and at last, like lightning, sank out of sight, carrying down the fated chieftain with it.

As the waters closed over the old warrior the silence was broken and a great shout rent the air—

"Long live the Island King! Long live the Island King, the great white How!"

Suddenly it seemed as though the cry was taken up and echoed from the island more than two miles away.

Justice was satisfied, and now Dan and those who were to accompany him, started off in the direction of Cafanga, while all the others returned to Mango.

The young king found everything satisfactory at Cafanga, and having had a private conference with the governor, and delivered an address to the people, he bid them a kind farewell and set sail for Bountiful Island.

On landing at Ramsdell the Island King was received with the wildest demostrations of joy, and being seized by his enthusiastic subjects, he was carried on their shoulders all the way to the capital city and placed beside his queen at the entrance of Daniel's den.

Three days and nights were given up to pleasure and feasting in honor of the king's safe return and his victories. Then work commenced in earnest.

Internal improvements were begun everywhere, and in two

months' time the island was completely transformed. New villages, new towns, new roads had come into existence, and still the good work went on.

Meanwhile Dan's pet scheme was being realized. A shipyard was laid out on the banks of the river near Ramsdell, and the keel of a schooner laid.

No less than thirty men were kept constantly busy, some cutting down suitable trees in the forests, others hauling to the shipyard, and others working as carpenters on the hull.

Dan had been fearful that he would be embarrassed for the want of nails and iron for a great variety of purposes in the construction of the vessel; but such was not the case. A large quantity of nalis was found in the cargo of the old "Bay State," and Captain Ramsdell had very carefully saved all the iron work of his doomed vessel's hull, so that the young king found himself very well supplied.

It is true he was obliged to build a forge at the ship-yard, and alter the shape of some of his iron work to suit the smaller vessel, but this was speedily accomplished, and Dan was delighted to find that quite a number of his subjects proved themselves capable of becoming very good blacksmiths

The king was perfectly aware that in order to make a good and serviceable vessel it must not be too much hurried. So he paid more attention to seeing that the work was done well than that it was done rapidly.

It was now fully a year since Dan had been left alone on the island, and one morning, as he stood upon the very spot where he had caught the last view of the "Osprey," and afterwards the first sight of those who were now his subjects, and was thinking of all that had transpired since then, and of the changes that had been wrought about him, he suddenly noticed one of the queen's waiting maids hurrying up the mountain side toward him, and he saw, at a little distance below, members of his family and staff, apparently greatly excited, hastening after her.

What could be the matter? With this thought in his mind he started to meet the maid.

"Hail! O, great How," cried the girl, the instant she saw the king. "I wish you joy, and consider myself as greatly blessed in being the messenger of such glad tidings to you and to all your people."

"Tell me at once, what have you to say," asked Dan, excitedly.

"You are a father; a prince has been born, and he is the most beautiful boy in all the world," responded the maiden, enthusiastically.

Dan felt a thrill of joy and pride, such as he had never known before, pervade his whole being.

He, Dan Graham, not yet nineteen years old, and yet a king and a father!

"Ah! who would have thought this two or three years ago," he asked himself, when I first shipped on board the good 'Bay State?'" Then turning to the girl, he said:

"This is indeed glad tidings that you have brought me, and I shall reward you accordingly."

"I ask for no reward but to see you happy," responded the maiden, quickly, "I have done no more than my duty."

"It is a noble ambition to be the first to convey good news," said the king, "and as a reward for the joy you have given me, I ennoble you; moreover I appoint you governess to the prince, and will myself see that your marriage portion is paid from the royal treasury."

"O! thank you, my king," exclaimed the maid, "surely you are as good as you are great."

The two were now descending toward the cavern, and soon they overtook the others, who were quite as demonstrative in their joy as the girl had been.

Soon Dan was in his wife's room with his little son in his arms, while she looked up at him lovingly and proudly.

"What shall you call him?" asked queen Agnes.

"O, he must be called Daniel, after my dear husband," said Finnie.

"But I think," said the queen, her mother, "that it would please the people as well as your father, if you should add his name, and you know he is worthy of it, for he is a good man."

"Let it be so, then," said Dan. "The prince's name shall be Daniel Teoo Cava." Then turning to an attendant:

"Proclaim it to all the people, and let this day be given up to joy and thanksgiving throughout all the realm."

The attendant quickly withdrew, and speedily the glad tidings was flashed from village to village and from island to island, and there was great rejoicing throughout all the king's domain.

Dan Graham was now about as happy as mortals are ever permitted to be on this terrestrial globe, but yet he was not quite contented.

He wished others to partake of his happiness and to rejoice in his prosperity.

He knew there was a good mother in the town of Quincy, who, no doubt, mourned him as dead. He wished she might know that he not only was alive but that he held power and wealth in his hands. He wished, too, that his brothers Tom and Fred were with him, that he might give them of the good things he possessed.

Then there was good Captain Ramsdell; how he longed to see him again, and Mr. Bradley, the mate, who had taught him so much. And there was his old friends Bob Tackle and Nelson Norton—could it be that they were dead? He could hardly believe it, and he resolved he would make one determined effort to find them if they still lived and were upon any of the islands of the southern sea.

Two more months had passed, and the schooner was now nearly completed. She was to be launched the next day, and Dan fairly trembled for the result.

Was everything all right? Would she lie well in the water? Would she be easy to manage? Would he have any trouble in fixing her masts and in rigging her?

Questions like these were coming up in his mind continually, and he could hardly wait for the eventful moment.

At length the eventful moment came. Every precaution had been taken to guard against accidents, and Dan stood ready to give the last command.

The shipyard, the river, the other bank and the hill beyond were crowded with a waiting, eager and expectant throng.

The king gave the final word. The last timbers were knocked away and the schooner began to move toward the water. Slowly at first, then more rapidly, and at last with a rush and a plunge.

As it struck the water it seemed suddenly to be endowed with new life, and glided out into the river like a graceful swan.

"It's a success, a grand success!" shouted the king, and then an exultant cry arose, a cry that was heard at the capital.

"Now we must give it a name," said the king, "and I propose that we call it the 'Prince of the Isles.'"

Then the vast throng sent up a shout of approval, and the vessel was duly baptized in honor of the king's son.

Canoes were now got ready, and she was towed to a dock already prepared to receive her, and here the rigging was at once commenced.

In a little more than a week the "Prince of the Isles" was ready for sea, with her future captain and crew on board.

The man whom he had selected for a captain was one well fitted for the position, and only needed a little training to make him a good sailing master. The crew were also picked men.

A time was appointed for a trial trip, and Dan invited many of the chiefs and nobles to accompany him.

The schooner's course was laid for Cafanga, and great was the astonishment of the people of that island when they saw the "Prince" enter their little port.

When they found that their king was on board, that it was he who had caused the monster to be built, they were more inclined to think him a god than ever.

Dan invited a few of the principal men on board, and then headed for Mango. His arrival there caused as great astonishment as it had done at Cafanga, and for the two hours the vessel lay off the island it was literally surrounded with canoes.

At length they started on the return trip. They remained at Cafanga during the night and reached Mango the next morning, all highly delighted with the conduct of the "Prince," and all ready to declare that it was the most perfect vessel that had ever floated.

Dan had learned that there was a small island some twenty miles to the north of Cafango, and that it contained some four or five hundred inhabitants.

He now resolved to visit it.

The third day after the trial trip they sailed, accompanied by the king's rifle guards and the musketeers.

They experienced no difficulty in finding the island, and before night the people had acknowledged Dan as their king.

Dan at once appointed a governor, and remained three days

in order to satisfy himself that the people were sincere in their submission. Then the schooner was laid on a northeasterly course.

While on this island, the name of which was Lefooga, Dan had learned that there was another and larger island to the northeast, where there were several white men like himself.

It was in search of this larger island that he had now started out.

On the morning of the next day land was discovered almost dead ahead, but it was not until nearly ten o'clock that they anchored off the island.

Soon the shore was literally packed with natives, but none of them offered to come off to the schooner.

It was evident they were afraid to trust the strangers.

Dan ordered a boat lowered and sent a member of his staff on shore in it, accompanied by several rifle guards and musketeers. At the same time he had the two cannons so trained that he could cover their landing if necessary.

When the boat had nearly reached the shore, the islanders ordered them to come no nearer, threatening to kill them if they did.

The boat was stopped.

"What do you want with us?" demanded one of the chiefs on shore. "Why do you come here?"

"We learn that you have some white people among you? Is that so?" asked the staff officer.

"What business is that of yours?" demanded the chief.

"We are the subjects of the great white How. Yonder is his royal canoe. If any of his people are on this island he demands that they be given up."

Several of the chiefs on shore now got together and whispered for some time. At length the one who seemed so have the most authority called to the officer in the boat and said:

"We know of no great white How. We are independent. We allow no one to command us what to do."

"What! you defy our How?" exclaimed the officer. "You know not what you do. He will call down thunder and lightning from Heaven to destroy you."

"We know all about the white man's thunder and lightning," called out the chief, mockingly, "and if you do not return to your big canoe at once we will give you a taste of some of it."

"I warn you that it will be best for you to give up your white prisoners peacefully," said the officer.

At that moment some one on the shore leveled a rifle and fired at him. The shot did not hit the officer, but it struck one of the boat's crew in the shoulder. The rifle guard and musketeers, who had been eagerly waiting for the word, now raised their weapons and fired.

A dozen of the islanders fell, and before the rest could return the fire they beheld two sheets of flame issue from the side of the great canoe, and then a sound like terrible thunder shook the air, and the next moment more than twenty of their number lay dead and dying on the shore. With wild yells of consternation the rest fled to the woods.

CHAPTER XVI.

BOB TACKLE TURNS UP.

The boat's crew sent up a shout of triumph. It was echoed by a single shout from the woods, and the next instant they beheld a white boy, of less than eighteen years, and who, with the exception of a breech-cloth, was quite naked, start out of the forest, and running like lightning across the intervening space, throw himself into the sea and swim toward them.

Several shots were fired at him, and a number of spears struck the water near him, but he reached the boat unharmed and was speedily helped on board.

"How are you, old buck?" he exclaimed, seizing the staff officer by the hand.

The officer smiled good-naturedly, but gave him to understand that he was not acquainted with the language in which he spoke.

"O, well then," said the boy, "I suppose I shall have to talk to you in the lingo of these cursed islands. Who are you, anyhow?"

"An officer of the king, come to set you and your friends at liberty."

"You don't say so! And who is this king that you tell about?"

"The great white How—your friend."

"O-ho! that's clever. Didn't know there was any such fellow laying 'round loose. Where is he now?"

"On board the big canoe—there."

"It strikes me that there schooner's got a good deal of the old 'Bay State's' timber in her. What's the name of your great white How, shipmate?"

"Dan—King Dan," was the reply.

"Look a-here, old horse-fly, you just skip me across the water to that there schooner as quick as the Lord 'll let you. Your big How's just a dying to see me, and it's uncertain whether he'll be alive in five minutes from this time unless you get me there."

The officer cast an uncertain glance toward the shore.

"You want to know about the others, I take it?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Well, you can't do them any good now. I'll talk it all over with your king, and tell him what's the best way to help them."

The officer could find no objection to this course, and so ordered the boat to put back to the schooner, just as the islanders were getting over their fright and again stealthily approaching the shore.

Dan was on deck, eagerly watching the boat as it drew near. As it came alongside he gave a glad shout, and exclaimed:

"Bob Tackle! by all that's glorious!"

"Yes, Dan, it's me," cried Bob, as he scrambled on deck; "and how is your royal nibs?"

"Grand! now that I've got you once more," responded Dan, hugging his almost naked friend, and giving him a hearty kiss.

"But how comes it that you've set up in the king business?" asked Bob, wonderingly.

"Why, when all you fellows went off and left me in the heartless way you did, I had to do something for a living, you know—and I decided that the king business was just as good as any other."

"Come, come, Dan, give it to us straight," said Bob.

"Not now, old fellow, it's too long a story. Just come down into my cabin and put on some decent clothing, and while you are doing that tell me about the rest of our friends."

"Not much, I won't," said Bob, "this is my light, airy, summer costume, and I like it best at this season of the year, especially as I've got use to it."

"But I tell you, Bob, you must put on something; I'm going to make you a prince, and to be a prince you must dress like one."

"Prince be hanged," cried Bob, with a snap of his fingers, "I wouldn't be a prince for all the islands in the Pacific ocean. But say, old boy, I'll tell you what you can do."

"And what's that?" asked Dan, with interest.

"Give me the command of this craft, or else put me at the head of your navy department; my home is on the sea, you know."

"I can't give you the command of this vessel, old boy, for that would hurt the feelings of the man who is now her captain, and he is a perfect trump, I tell you; but you shall have a vessel of your own, a nice little brig, I've got her model made and she's a beauty, if there ever was one."

"That's the ticket, and when I get her planks under my feet if I don't serve you faithfully, why, you can just chop my head off."

"Thank you for the privilege," laughed Dan, "but permit me to tell you that kings don't chop off the heads of their rebellious subjects."

"Well, you can order it done, then."

"All right," said the king. "When Captain Bob Tucker don't serve his lord and master faithfully, I'll order his head to be chopped off. And now tell me about Captain Ramsdell and Mr. Bradley, yes, and Mr. Norton and Nelson and the sailors."

"They are all on this island," said Bob, pointing toward the shore, and then seriously, "and they, as well as myself, have had a pretty tough time of it there."

"I feared as much," said Dan, musingly.

"You can bet high on it!" exclaimed Bob, with energy.

"Can't we go to their rescue at once?" asked Dan, starting up.

"No, you just hold on. Don't go too fast. Wait until dark and I'll tell you what to do then."

"But won't the natives murder them before that?" asked Dan anxiously.

"Not much they won't. Too valuable, you see. They'll rather lose any ten of their own men than one of us."

"Ah! to be sure. No wonder. And now, Bob, tell me how it happened that you fell into their hands?"

"That's very soon told," said Bob, with a groan. "You see, we'd been out the week and more making for port, expecting to get into the bay at about nine or ten o'clock, when up came a tremendous old storm."

"I remember it well," said Dan.

"So do I," said Bob, dryly. "Well, we were driven at a terrible rate toward the northeast, and for hours we didn't know whether we should be able to keep afloat or go under. At last our mast went by the board, and then we lost our rudder. Of course we felt as though the game was up then, and expected to be in Davy Jones locker in no time. Suddenly we heard breakers ahead, and before you could say 'Jack Robinson' we were on to them, and that's all I know about it."

"How's that?" asked Dan.

"Why," said Bob, "I was washed into the sea, and when I came to myself again it was morning, and I was in one of the niggers' huts along with Mr. Bradley.

"He told me that all were saved, but that we would have been about as well off dead, as we had been made prisoners by savages, who, if they did not kill and eat us, would hold us as slaves, and that last is just what they did."

"But I noticed they had firearms. How came that about?"

"The 'Osprey' went to pieces, but those fellows dived and dived until they brought up everything, and you know the powder and cartridges were kept in waterproof cans, so they were all right. Then Captain Ramsdell very foolishly learned them how to use the guns, thinking, by so doing, he would make our lot easier. It did for a time, but as soon as they understood the thing as well as we did, we were worse off than ever."

"Of course, but couldn't you have stolen a canoe some dark night and so got away?"

"Not much; we tried that once or twice, and at last they told us that if we undertook it again they'd roast us alive."

"Not a very pleasant prospect, surely."

"I should say so; but never mind all that now. Let me tell you my plan for getting them off to-night."

"All right, Bob; drive away."

"Well, this is my idea," began Bob, "the schooner, of course, must remain where she is, because any attempt to shift her position would be almost sure to attract attention from the shore. But after it becomes quite dark I think a couple of boats can leave her from the side toward the sea without being seen, and one of them can carry one of your two cannons.

"Now, about seven miles from here, on the northern coast of the island, there is the wildest, loneliest sort of a little cove, a place, in fact, seldom if ever visited by this people, for the simple reason that it has been tabooed, on account of the murder there, some forty or fifty years ago, of one of their great kings.

"And now I'm coming to the point. This cove is very well known to us. We have visited it many times, and it has been from here that we have hoped, if the right time should ever come, to make our escape.

"Of course there was never such a thing as a canoe floating

there, and our only hope was to build one for ourselves. We commenced to do so once, and had got it almost half finished, when they discovered what we were up to. They took possession of our unfinished boat, and promised to kill us if we went near the spot again, and you may be sure we have been mighty careful about being seen in the neighborhood since.

"When I told Captain Ramsdell to-day that I was going to attempt to escape and make my way to the schooner, he suggested that, by the information I could give something might be done for himself and the others, so I told him to manage to steal away to the tabooed cave as soon as it was pitch dark, and that I would endeavor to persuade you, whoever you might be, to send boats there and so rescue them, and that is just what I want you to do."

"But won't the savages place a strong guard over them to-night? Won't they think that they'll endeavor to escape?" inquired Dan anxiously.

"That's the only fear I have," responded Bob. "They may do that. It's quite possible. But in case they do, I know where they will be confined, and I think, with a dozen resolute fellows, we can march to the spot and rescue them before the guard can give a general alarm."

Dan thought in a moment what might be done, and with a merry twinkle in his eye, said—

"I believe I can help you there, old boy. I think I alone can capture the whole guard."

"I guess you don't know much about these dirty scoundrels if you think that," said Bob.

"Answer me one question," said Dan. "Is there much shrubbery about the place?"

"Why, yes, I'm sure there is."

"Good! Could I manage to get within, say ten feet, of the guards without being seen?"

"Yes."

"I think, then, I'm all right."

"But how?" asked Bob. "I don't understand you at all."

"Give me five minutes and I'll show you."

Stepping to his bunk Dan took from under the mattress a fair-sized package, with which he disappeared through a door in the back side of the room.

In a few moments he returned.

"Now, Bob," he said, "stand up and play that you are one of the savage guards."

Bob at once stood up and struck an attitude.

Dan stealthily approached him from across the cabin.

Bob hastily turned toward him.

Dan at that instant reached out and touched him on the neck.

Instantly Bob became as rigid as a wooden Indian in front of a tobacco store.

He could not speak. He could not even utter a sound. He could only move his eyes, and with his eyes he expressed unutterable fear and horror.

Dan now raised him in his arms, and carrying him across the

cabin stood him up against the partition. Then he seated himself in front of his victim and looked up into his face.

Bob's eyes looked the most earnest entreaty, and not being willing to make him suffer long, Dan arose and again touched him. Instantly he regained full possession of all his powers.

"Thunder and blazes!" he yelled, "what was it you did to me?"

"Nothing much, only paralyzed you."

"I should say so!" grunted Bob, in an offended tone.

"Now the question is," said Dan, "do you believe I can capture the guards. You've seen and felt what I am able to do."

"By Jove! of course you can," shouted Bob. "Bnt what are you, anyway? Have you sold yourself to the devil since we left you."

"Not quite," laughed Dan, "I'll tell you all about it some other time. Now let's get ready for the trip ashore."

It was decided to take eight of the rifle guard and eight of the marksmen. Four men were also to be taken along to work the cannon if necessary.

Between nine and ten o'clock the expedition started. They rowed with muffled oars and succeeded in reaching the taboed cave without attracting the slightest attention. Bob was in the forward boat and directed them where to land.

They had hardly reached the shore when they heard a rustling of leaves in the woods close by, and a moment later caught sight of the figure of a man.

"Who goes there?" promptly demanded Dan, at the same time raising a rifle.

"Don't fire, messmate, I'm a white man and true blue," came back a voice.

"It's Alick Arnold!" said Bob, hastily. Then raising his voice—

"Alick! heave ahead. You can drop anchor among friends at last."

The sailor, recognizing Bob's voice, at once hurried to the boats, and when he saw Dan Graham by his friend's side, he was almost dumbfounded.

Dan commenced business at once.

"Where are the others?" he asked.

"Shut up in as dirty a hole as ye ever clapped eyes on," was the reply.

"How did you manage to escape?"

"Got on Bill's shoulders and cut a hole through the roof, crawled through it and then dropped to the ground. A chap that was standing guard right there undertook to stop me. I just gave him a few inches of cold steel and then made a break for the woods, with a pack of howling fiends after me.

"I led 'em a pretty dance for the space o' half an hour, and then, having gained on 'em considerable, climbed into a tree, and there I staid until they gave up looking for me; then I came here.'

"The others didn't get away?"

"No; the row they kicked up when I dropped brought so many around that there was no chance."

"How long ago was this?"

"A couple of hours, maybe."

"Think it's all quiet there now?"

"Rather reckon it is."

"Are you willing to go back with us?"

"Of course. Just give me something to fight with and I'm your man."

Alick was furnished with a rifle—several extra ones having been brought along; then the cannon was got on shore, and the little party started for the place where Captain Ramsdell and the others were confined.

CHAPTER XVII.

REUNITED—CONCLUSION.

Bob Tackle and Alick Arnold acted as guides, and the little party succeeded in reaching the place where the whites were confined without having attracted any attention.

When they arrived in sight of the place Dan called a halt,and then he and Bob went forward alone.

Presently a sentinel came into view, and they both crouched down behind some thick bushes.

Nearer and nearer came the sentinel. At length he was almost upon them. Dan prepared to spring up. Just then the unsuspecting warrior turned. The next instant Dan was close behind him with his finger on the back of his neck. Instantly the man fell over as though he had been shot.

Dan seized him by the legs and drew him behind the bushes.

"It fetches 'em every time," he whispered with a chuckle.

"I'll swear to that," grunted Bob.

"I'll bet you will," laughed Dan; "and now for another of 'em. How many is there in all? Do you know?"

"As many as eight or ten I should think; but of course I do not know for certain."

They now heard footsteps approaching, and presently saw another of the sentinels at no great distance. Dan waited until he turned, and then pouncing upon him, stiffened him out in the twinkling of an eye, and he was quickly laid alongside of his companion.

In less than ten minutes nine savages were lying in a row behind the bushes, and there were no more sentinels around.

Dan now tried the door of the prison house. It was locked, and seemed to be a pretty stout affair.

"I shall have your help here, Bob," he said.

Bob came up.

"Now put your back against it, and when I count three, go your level best."

"All right," said Bob.

"One," began Dan, and they both got ready.

"Two," and they settled themselves for the work.

"Three!" and their backs came against the door with a thud, Then there was a crash, and the next instant they lay sprawling inside the building.

"What! What's all this?" demanded a voice in astonishment.

"Oh, it's nothing much, cap'n," exclaimed Bob, scrambling to his feet. "It's only Dan Graham and me coming to make you a sort o' friendly call."

"Dan Graham! Did you say Dan Graham?" cried the captain in the utmost astonishment.

"Yes, siree, just Dan Graham, and nobody else."

"Well, well!" exclaimed Captain Ramsdell, hugging Dan in his arms, "I never was so glad of anything before in all my life."

"You'll be more glad yet in a little while," said Bob.

"Come, come," exclaimed Dan, nervously, "we must be getting out of this, or we shall have the whole island down upon us. We made too much noise opening that door."

"You are right," said Captain Ramsdell suddenly. "Come, Bradley, come, Mr. Norton, Nelson and Bill."

They all started out; but they had hardly reached the little party waiting for them when they saw two savages running with eager haste toward the empty prison-house.

"It's all up," said Bob, "the fun has got to begin." And sure enough, in less than five minutes a howling gang were rushing down upon them.

"Unlimber the cannon," commanded Dan.

It was quickly done.

"Ready! Fire!" and the spiteful little piece belched forth its charge of fire and death.

With yells of terror and anguish the islanders fled in every direction.

Dan now commanded the retreat to begin, and it was accomplished in good order. The whole party reached the boats without accident.

Then the cannon was got on board and all hands embarked. A moment later they were gliding over the water toward the schooner.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Dan, suddenly.

"What is it?" asked Captain Ramsdell.

"Why, I left no less than nine of those wretches paralyzed, forgot to restore them."

"Paralyzed?" asked the captain, in a puzzled tone.

"Exactly," said Dan, with a smile.

"I should say so," exclaimed Bob.

"Yes, Bob knows all about it, but I shall have to explain it to the rest of you," laughed Dan, and when they had reached the schooner he did so.

All were profoundly astonished, but Mr. Bradley was more than astonished, he was greatly pleased.

"My dear boy," he said, grasping Dan by the hand, "I am proud of you."

The island king now ordered the schooner to be got under sail, and then laid her course for Bountiful Island.

He then invited all his old friends into the cabin, and in a gentlemanly and modest manner told his wonderful story.

When he was through he turned to Captain Ramsdell and said:

"And now, sir, I place myself in your hands. I stand ready to give up my authority and to be guided in all things by your judgment."

"My dear boy," said the captain, warmly, "you have proved yourself worthy to be a king, and I never in any way will detract from your authority; on the contrary while I am with you I will do all in my power to establish you in the position you so worthily fill."

This sentiment was warmly echoed by the others.

"You don't know how much I thank you, sir, for the kind feelings you have expressed," said Dan, earnestly, "and I only wish I could do something to show you my appreciation."

"Maybe there is something you can do," said the captain, thoughtfully.

"What is it, sir?"

"You spoke of building a brig and giving the command to Bob."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, can't you manage to make her a little larger, and so let Capt. Tackle take me and such of us as wish to go, either to the Sandwich Islands or some port of the American continent?"

"Why—yes, if you wish it, sir, but I was in hopes—'

"I understand what you would say, Dan, but you must remember that I have a duty that I owe to my owners as well as my family."

"But the rest, must they all go?"

"Not necessarily. Each one must decide for himself."

"I've already decided," said Bob promptly. "I shall stay and be a captain in Dan's navy.'

"If you think I can do so with propriety," said Mr. Bradley. "I too will stay."

"I see no reason why you should not do so," said Captain Ramsdell, after a moment's thought.

"Then I make you the chief of my counsellors," said Dan, grasping Mr. Bradley's hand.

"Thank you," said Mr. Bradley; ' I accept the appointment.

"I believe I will stay myself" said Mr. Norton suddenly, "if Captain Ramsdell will take charge of Nelson and see him safely landed in Boston."

"Certainly I will," said the captain."

"I think not," said Nelson, "I wish to stay myself."

"There is much to be thought of before I could permit that," said his father.

"Well, sir," said Dan, "I shall constitute you my lord chief justice, and I will give Nel anything he asks for if he remains."

"I shall remain," said Nel, "and I'd like to have you make me an officer in your army, and by and by a governor."

"It shall be so," said the king; "and now, Alick, and you, Bill, what do you say?"

"We will stand by ye, sir," said Alick; "and all we ask is for a good-looking wife apiece, and to be understrappers."

"You shall both have what you want, never fear," laughed Dan.

The next morning the Prince of the Isles arrived safe in port.

* * * * * * * *

A year has passed.

The island king is now perfectly happy, all his wishes are gratified.

He is the father of two children, a boy and a girl.

His father, mother, brothers and sisters are with him, as well as an aunt, a younger sister of his mother.

Mr. Bradley is soon to become the husband of the aunt. Nelson is more than likely to marry one of the sisters, and Bob has already been accepted by another.

When Captain Ramsdell again returns in the new "Bay State" they will have a clergyman on the island, and a number of young men and women, selected for their moral worth.

They will also have many conveniences not heretofore enjoyed, and the realm of the sea will grow in importance and grandeur every day.

THE END.

A LIFE'S HISTORY.

CHAPTER I.

THE MYSTERIOUS TRUNK.

The good old city of Pesth, some fifty years ago, was the scene of the following startling drama. It was on a bright May morning that a large crowd stood watching the departure of one of the beautiful Danube steamers which ply between the venerable city of Pesth and the gay metropolis of Vienna. At last, after much puffing and blowing and ringing of bells, the steamer got under way, and amid much cheering and waving of hats from the crowd on the deck to their friends on the dock, she glided down the stream, till at last a curve in the river hid her from their gaze. Then the crowd slowly departed to seek their breakfasts or their work.

A group of men in the garb of workmen stood on the steps of a large building erected on the dock. It was the baggage depot, where passengers deposited their baggage until convenient to call for it.

A man whose dress bespoke him to be of a better class than the group on the steps appeared at the door of the building. It was the superintendent of the depot.

"Come, men," he called, "it is time we went to our work again."

The men at once followed him into a large hall which opened directly upon the steps. A horrible odor prevailed everywhere. They were rough fellows, but coming out of the fresh morning air the terrible smell fairly made them gasp.

"Ah," said the superintendent, noticing their gestures, "you may well gasp. I noticed this vile smell several days ago, and it gets worse and worse, till now 'tis utterly unbearable."

Here a young man of decent appearance entered.

"Well," said the superintendent, as he approached him, "have you found anything the matter with the pipes?"

"No, Herr Superintendent," answered the new comer; "the plumber and I have carefully examined all the pipes and drains, not only under this house, but in this vicinity, and all were in perfect order. But forty dead rats couldn't make this stench. The smell is certainly in this hall," cried the youth, clutching his nose and gasping for breath, "and it's much worse since last night."

"'Tis impossible for it to be in this room," said the superintendent angrily, "for I've had it carefully searched, and nothing can be found."

"For all that, 'tis right in that corner," persisted the youth, clinging to his nose and pointing to where a tremendous pile of baggage was heaped up.

"Tear that pile down," said the superintendent sternly to his men. "I'll solve this mystery if I have to rip up the flooring or tear down the hall."

By this time he was very angry, for he was half choked.

The men obeyed, though nearly suffocated, and soon the pile was laid low. But they were no nearer the end, for nothing was visible, and the stench continued.

"I believe it is in one of these trunks," exclaimed the superintendent, "and I've a good mind to break open some of them and see. Here, Ernest," he continued, "help me to decide which we shall take. Pray let go your nose," he cried, angrily, "for it's the only time in your life that the great thing will be of any use to you."

The man snickered.

"It is the only time it has ever been in my way," answered Ernest, sturdily defending his large feature and reluctantly loosening his grip on it. "Here, superintendent, try this," and he indicated the largest trunk with his foot.

It was uncommonly large and marked "E. L."

"Break it open," ordered the Superintendent, motioning forward a workman with an axe.

A few sturdy blows forced the lid off. The man sprang back with a cry of terror. All rushed forward to behold the contents.

"My God!" cried the Superintendent in horror, retreating, as did the others. "What *does* this mean?"

For there, crowded and jammed into the trunk, was the nude figure of a young and exquisitely beautiful woman.

They all looked at each other in fright; but at last Ernest, summoning up courage, advanced to the trunk, and drawing the poor creature out of her dreadful prison laid her on the floor. Then darting into the Superintendent's office near by brought thence a shawl with which he covered her.

"Fly for the police!" gasped the Superintendent, turning to one of his men. "Fly!"

The man obeyed, and soon a number of officials, and then a large crowd, gathered around, gazing in horror.

The woman, or girl, for she was hardly twenty, was uncommonly small, with tiny hands and feet. Her golden hair fell in profusion over her bare white shoulders. One of the police raised her snowy lids, and the eyes veiled beneath were quite dark. There were no marks to show she had come to a violent death.

"She must have been murdered," cried the aghast Superintendent, "or she never would have been crammed into that trunk."

"Poisoned," answered the official. "Without doubt, poisoned."

CHAPTER II.

THE AMBASSADOR'S BALL.

In one of the most elegant houses on one of the most aristocratic streets of gay Vienna, the family of Count Metnitz had assembled around the breakfast table. The family consisted of himself, his wife, his daughter, his only child and heiress, the beautiful Katrina, and young Count von Arnim, the nephew of his wife and the betrothed husband of his daughter.

While discussing his breakfast, the Count diligently read the morning papers.

"Ha!" said he, suddenly, "here is a horrible piece of news! Terrible murder in Pesth," and he read the account given in the previous chapter, with the additional information that the body had been decently buried after undergoing a post-mortem examination by an eminent chemist, who pronounced that the victim had been poisoned by arsenic, which had been given her in small doses, apparently in chocolate.

"Poor creature!" cried Katrina, hastily setting down her cup of hot chocolate.

"The idea of such a barbarous deed being done in this enlightened nineteenth century!" said the Count.

"And in our very midst!" cried the Countess. "My! I shall never feel like visiting Pesth again."

"I shall never feel like drinking chocolate again," said Katrina, pushing her cup away from her. "Oh!" she continued, shuddering, "I shall always feel as if I was sipping poison."

"You are too sympathetic and imaginative," said her lover, Count von Arnim, smiling superciliously. "Take things coolly as I do," and he drained his cup to the dregs.

"I don't wish to be unfeeling," she answered indignantly.

"Will giving up your chocolate bring her back to life?" he asked, calmly; "If so fond as I am of mine, I think I would be willing to give mine up—for a day or so."

"You are an unfeeling wretch," she said angrily.

"No, I am only rational," he coolly answered, indifferent to her anger. "Better try and imitate me."

"Heaven forbid!" interrupted a voice from the door, which had opened unnoticed, and a young man entered. "I'd mourn the day Carl, when she resembled you."

"Thank you," returned Von Arnim, calmly, evincing no surprise at the other's sudden appearance.

But the Count and Countess exclaimed together, "When did you come, Max?" while Katrina, turning red and white by turns, was silent.

"I arrived but a little while ago, and passing through Pesth, on my way here, found the old city in a hubbub over the mysterious murder. The police, I hear, intend to push the affair rigorously, and search out the murderer. And they ought to," continued Max, warmly, "the scoundrel! She was a beautiful little creature they tell me."

"Is that the cause of your sympathy?" asked Von Arnim, laughing. "Have you no pity for ugly women who are murdered?"

"Oh, certainly," said Max, frankly; "but of course my sympathy is greater for the pretty ones. But pray let us change the subject. How about the ambassador's ball?"

"It is to come off to-night," said Katrina, eagerly, "and you are invited."

"How charming! May I engage you for the first valse?"

"Hardly," said Von Arnim, coolly, before she could answer; "for that is mine."

"How provoking! But may I have the second—and as many more as you'll give me?" he added, laughing, as she nodded.

"You are too grasping. I shall have to interfere again, I fear," observed Von Arnim.

"That being settled," said Max, rising, and ignoring the other's remarks, "I must go and report myself at the headquarters of my corps. Fair fraulien, adieu till to-night," and bowing respectfully to his seniors, the young soldier departed.

"Max is as giddy as ever," observed the Countess, as the door closed on the young man.

Max Von Hollingin was her nephew; both he and Von Arnim held the same relationship to her, and were first cousins, with this difference—that the latter was the heir of the Count

ess' late brother, and so was wealthy; while the other was poor, with hardly anything besides his pay.

The mask ball at the French Ambassador's was the event of the season, and had been anticipated by the festive Viennese for at least a week or so, and all the gay world of wealth and fashion were there, arrayed in the costumes of all nations and ages.

Seated in the curtained alcove of a bay window, apart from the crowd, was a man in the handsome costume of a Turk, absorbed in earnest conversation with a bespangled, bejewelled sultana; the dresses matched so nicely that one would have supposed they had been made with reference to each other. But their thoughts were evidently far away from the glittering scene around them, for the man exclaimed in excited tones to his companion—

"You admit that you love me and dislike him, and yet you will not give him up."

"Do not say *will* not, Max. I *dare* not. You know the stern severity of my father, and that I am powerless in his hands."

"His anger cannot last forever," he returned; "but if you are once Von Arnim's wife your doom is sealed, for he does not care for you."

"I know it," she answered, shuddering. "But what can I do? Oh, do not torture me."

"No," he continued, "he is a cold-blooded wretch, and cares for no one but himself. It is only your money he is after."

"Oh, Max, Max!"

"I must speak," he cried, vehemently. "'Tis bad enough for him to rob me of my fortune—for I will always believe he reversed our names in our uncle's will. He had often said I should be his heir, and Carl was with him when he died, and I away in the army. It was just my luck! To rob me of my fortune was bad enough, but to rob me of my love is unbearable." He struck the table with his clenched hand till the frail thing shook.

"Max, Max! pray control yourself; some one will hear you," she implored.

Some one did hear them, for a masker in the habit of a priest had been leaning beside the edge of the alcove, greedily drinking in their conversation.

"Listen to me, Katrina: only promise me this. Try to oppose your father thus far. get your mother to help you, and

have your marriage postponed indefinitely. Your father cares no more for Von Arnim than for me; 'tis only the fortune he wished to wed you to. Had I gotten it instead of Carl, he would willingly have given you to me. Listen, and I will confide to you something that will revive your drooping courage. I have a clew, a small one, but I think a sure one, by which I can ferret out the mystery of my uncle's will, and can force Carl to disgorge at least half if not the whole property. It will be but a few months at farthest. Surely your woman's wit can supply you with excuses for that time."

"I will try," said Katrina, who was one of those beautiful, timid people over whom young men go distracted.

"Promise me that you will do it," he pleaded eagerly.

Looking into his bright, earnest eyes, she caught a little of their fire and resolution. "Yes, I will," she said firmly.

"Heaven bless you, darling," he exclaimed, passionately.

In the heat of his excitement he had torn off his mask, and throwing his arm around her waist, he drew her towards him; he raised the lace veil of her demi-mask and fondly pressed his lips to hers. The slight sound of his impassioned salute reached the ears of the listening priest. He started as if he had been stung, and glided off in the crowd and disappeared.

Minutes flew past over the heads of the happy lovers, and they were still billing and cooing in blissful ignorance of danger, when the curtain before the alcove was unceremoniously thrust aside, and a masker disguised in a simple black domino stood before them. With one glance of his keen eye he took in the situation before Max had time to remove his arm from around his cousin's waist.

"What is the meaning," said the stern voice of Count Metnitz, "of this disgraceful behavior?"

At the sound of his voice the couple had involuntarily sprang to their feet.

"How dare you, sir, insult my daughter in this manner? And how dare you allow it?"

"Listen to me, Count," said the young man, recovering his speech. "I love your daughter, and she loves me, and—"

"I will *not* listen, sir," broke in the Count sternly, "to any such thing. How dare you speak thus to my daughter, the betrothed wife of another? And for you to listen to him? Shame on you! Where is your mother? How did you manage to get away from her?"

"Count Metnitz, listen to me for one instant, I implore you. I have long loved your daughter, before she was ever engaged to Von Arnim, and she returned my love. Do not, Count—do not, I entreat, sacrifice the happiness of us both."

"This is folly, absolute folly, Von Holiingin. You are raving," said the Count. "Since, Katrina, you cannot be trusted, I will see that you are put at once under the guardianship of a husband. You shall be married in a month from to-day. As for you, Von Hollingin, I did think that *you* could be trusted as an inmate of my house, but since it seems I am mistaken, I must forbid your coming there, or meeting with your cousin till after her marriage. Katrina, you will please accompany me to your mother. I will see that she watches you closer after this."

He took his trembling daughter by the arm, and led her from the alcove before her agitated lover could say a word.

Then he, like a man in a dream, emerged from behind the curtain and threaded his way through the crowd, anxious to leave the scene of hateful revelry behind him. While thus engaged, he passed a tall figure clad in priestly robes, but without a mask, ardently watching him. A triumphant glitter in the cold blue eyes caused Max to suspect that Von Arnim had learned more of his affairs than he cared for him to do.

"He must have overheard me," he thought, "and so sent Count Metnitz there to hurry up affairs; 'twill but make me hasten mine. A month is but a short time to unravel all his villany in, but I swear I'll do it; I will not be defrauded out of everything."

Thus musing he departed irom the ambassador's ball.

CHAPTER III.

A RETROSPECTION—THE STORY OF GRETCHEN.

Far off in one of the distant provinces of the Austrian Empire called Styria, in the little country hamlet of Bulwarr, dwelt a simple, ignorant race of people, and poor beyond description; but luckily their wants were very few. Their spiritual affairs were directed by a pastor almost as poor as themselves, and nearly as simple in worldly affairs, but so learned that he was regarded by his uneducated flock as quite an oracle. He was quite dead to the world, all his time and thoughts being occupied by heavenly matters; for he followed the stars all night

with his eyes and all day with his thoughts, so there was little time left to see after worldly affairs, which were managed as best she could by his only child Gretchen.

Now Gretchen, far from being heavenly minded, was of the world worldly. The dull life led in the quiet little village among the simple boors galled and chafed her. Nature had bestowed upon her a beautiful person and quick mind, and her learned but unworldly father had educated her carefully; but her faculties rusted for want of occupation and amusement. She looked down on the rough young peasants around her, and longed for associates of her own rank.

All at once there came a complete revolution in her life. The only public gathering which she ever attended was church, and one bright Sunday in June she was attracted by the sight of a gentleman (a very rare sight in that congregation of boors) seated in a pew alone.

That he was attracted by her, she soon discovered by the numerous admiring glances he cast toward the pastor's pew. Not one word of her father's sermon did she hear, and soon she found herself flushing under the bold gaze of the stranger. To her eyes he seemed one of the handsomest of men; and when at last the sermon was over and she rose to depart, she hurriedly glanced to see what had become of the handsome unknown. He seemed in no hurry to leave, but stood apparently waiting to see where she would go. But on seeing the whole congregation march out and range themselves in rows on each side of the door, to salute their pastor, he slowly followed their example; and standing on the church steps caused the heart of the youthful Gretchen to flutter in a way it had never done before, while the blood surged in her dark cheeks and her night black eyes sought the ground, as leaning on her father's arm, she slowly passed before him, down between the two lines of peasants, the good pastor walking slowly by and halting continually to say a kind word to each of his parishioners, utterly unconscious of the presence of the stranger, who feasted his eyes upon the rare beauty of the pastor's daughter.

When the good minister had nearly completed the list, the stranger suddenly advanced and, lifting his hat and bowing with all the ease of a man accustomed to good society, begged to introduce himself to the pastor as Rudolf Schiefer, a traveller, who had stopped over Sunday at his village.

The worthy pastor received him with simple cordiality, and

as hospitality was a virtue much practiced in that retired region, invited him to dine. This invitation Rudolf promptly accepted, and then glanced at Gretchen as she hung blushing on her father's arm. The good man suddenly remembered her existence, and introduced her. Again Gretchen's black eyes fell before the admiring gaze the bold blue ones cast upon her.

At dinner Gretchen was at first dumb before the new guest, while her father eagerly discoursed to the stranger abont the stars; but Rudolf Schiefer had not come there to discourse of stars. He cared for naught but this world, and spoke so disrespectfully of Venus and slightingly of the moon that the worthy father left him in disgust, and shut himself up in his study, leaving the guest to Gretchen, which was exactly what he wanted. He seated himself by Gretchen, and his easy manners soon putting her at her ease, she talked with a sprightliness which surprised herself, and shamed her new acquaintance.

Rudolf Schiefer did not leave the viliage the next day, nor the next, nor for many days after. He had told the pastor that he was a travelling agent for the firm of Messrs. Althoff & Gross, wine merchants in Vienna, and was travelling through this mountainous region, looking up small lots of wine, which he frequently found stored away in sequestered villages. But he certainly was a very negligent agent, and troubled himself but little on the subject. He and Gretchen took long walks on the neighboring hills, while the grave pastor, all unconscious of what was going on, sat in his study, absorbed in calculations concerning distant stars.

People thrown together in this way in solitary places, form intimacies that it would take months to acquire in more social communities.

Rudolf Schiefer became the one absorbing subject of Gretchen's thoughts by day and dreams by night. She wondered how she had ever lived without him; life no longer seemed dull, but delightful to her. She never wearied of hearing his account of the bright world, and panted for the time when she should move in it.

At last, Schiefer, thinking he had spread his toils sufficiently around her, made a decided move. They had been out walking, and had seated themselves on a grassy knoll on a breezy hill, to rest.

"What a charming, lovely country," he said; "'tis hard to have to leave it, and return into the hard, prosaic world."

"Do you think so?" said Gretchen. "To me this country is insufferably dull, and those hills seem like prison walls that shut me in from the bright world beyond."

He smiled. "I wish I could regard it as you do. To me it is a treadmill, to which, however unwillingly, I must return to-morrow."

"To-morrow?" she gasped, her face blanching.

"Yes, to-morrow. I've been putting it off from day to day, but can defer it no longer. I will often think of you when I am gone, Gretchen, and the charming week we spent together," he added.

She could not speak, her tongue seemed palsied and clung to the roof of her mouth. The very ground seemed to give way under her. He was going, and would leave her alone in that hideous solitude!

Oh, Heavens! How could she stand it? He had been watching her closely, and now noted the despairing look on her face.

"I don't know how I can bear to go into the cold world alone, after knowing you, Gretchen," he continued, softly. "Will you miss me?"

"Miss you?" she answered hoarsely. "Oh, Heavens!" she broke down and hid her face in her hands.

He passed his arm around her and drew her to him. "Go with me, then," he whispered; "my love, my darling, go with me!"

A shiver of delight passed over her.

"Answer me, darling," he whispered, pressing his face to hers, "will you go?"

"Yes," she murmured.

Rudolf pressed her to him, and kissed her passionately; and Gretchen, with her head resting upon his breast, her heart beating tumultously, and the blood coursing madly through her veins, felt that she was in the seventh heaven of bliss.

After some minutes spent in caressing, Rudolf returned to business.

"Can you go with me to-morrow?" he asked. "My time is up."

"To-morrow!" gasped Gretchen, thinking of her bridal outfit. "I could not get ready in that time."

"You need not trouble about anything," urged Rudolf; "you

can buy all you want when we reach Vienna. I will see to that."

Gretchen colored. "I don't know what my father would say to such an arrangement," she murmured, after a moment's silence.

"Your father? Oh! he need know nothing about it."

"How can he help knowing?" she asked simply, raising her bright eyes in surprise. "For if we go to-morrow he will have to marry us."

"Not necessarily," answered her lover, smiling and kissing her. "We can defer that ceremony till after we reach Vienna."

"Defer it?" said Gretchen, astonished. "Why should we?"

"Or postpone it altogether. For hearts that love devotedly need no idle words to bind them to each other. Why go through that empty ceremony when we are one without it?"

Gretchen was startled. She raised her head from his breast and sat up gazing at him.

"My darling one," he said in his sweetest tones, "when we love each other devotedly, of what use are idle promises before your father or any one else?"

Slowly the force of his meaning broke upon the trusting girl, and she sprang to her feet.

"Oh!" she cried, in a tone of agony, "what have I done, to cause you to think me so weak or vile?"

"I think nothing of the sort," said Rudolf, rising and approaching her with outstretched hands. "I think you sweet and lovely, and I love you to distraction. My precious Gretchen, come back to me," as she retreated before him.

"But you do not want me for your wife?" she said hoarsely, her black eyes staring wildly at him from out her pallid face.

"I want you to love me and live with me, and let me love you," he answered, evading her question.

"But you don't want me for your *wife?*" she repeated in a strained voice.

"Why do you insist on an empty name!" he answered in an irritated tone; "if we each love each other, of what use are such titles?"

Her angel of light had fallen and shown his cloven hoof.

"Oh, my God!" she wailed. "I have not deserved this!"

And turning suddenly she darted down the hillside.

"Gretchen! Gretchen!" he cried, striding after her. "Stop! top!"

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